George Wallace and Black Voters *Ray Jenkins*

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts – May 25, 1974, 50 cents

Jackson's Bid
Stanley Karnow

Resignation vs. Impeachment
THE EDITORS

Home-Made Nukes
PETER J. OGNIBENE

Down to the Wire
JOHN OSBORNE

John Seelye on Mailer

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"Do You Think They Read *The New Republic?*"

H. R. Haldeman to Richard M. Nixon on June 20, 1972, according to a White House tape played in Judge Sirica's court on November 27, 1973.

Nixon's reply was only partly audible. "Don't assume because a magazine . . ." It is true that we have not sent the President a copy of our audience survey. If we had, his answer might have been something like this. "Yes, people certainly do read ***The New Republic,"*** and he would have woven in these facts.

Three copies of *The New Republic* are sent to the White House every Friday. We aren't certain who reads them there but we can guess why somebody does. The most noted Nixon-watcher in the business is John Osborne of ***The New Republic.***

In **The Boys on the Bus,** Timothy Crouse writes: "It was this speculative tone which made 'The Nixon Watch' so much more useful than anything that appeared in a newspaper, for conjecture was a necessary tool in cracking the secretiveness of the Nixon Administration." Furthermore, says Crouse, "Osborne was scrupulously fair. His even-handedness, discretion, and unobstrusive manner appealed to many of the Nixon staffers. . . . It was said that Zeigler's boss, Bob Haldeman, actually liked John Osborne." *Parade* says of Osborne: "He is currently recognized as a journalist of perception, sagaciousness and unblemished reputation."

Anyway, we know who reads *The New Republic* outside the White House—the leading journalists and politicians in the capital, the brightest students, and concerned professional people. Over 80 percent of our readers are college graduates, half holding post graduate degrees.

Why do they read this weekly journal of politics and the arts? Each week ***The New Republic*** publishes the liveliest opinions available: Alexander M. Bickel (law), Stanley Kauffmann (films), John Osborne (the White House), Doris Grumbach (books), Walter Pincus (Watergate), Stanley Karnow (the latest foreign crisis), David Sanford (consumer affairs), Eliot Marshall (energy and environment), Melville J. Ulmer (economics). Also, regular columnists (in addition to Osborne) like TRB from Washington ("he's got a combination of qualities that very few people have" says James Reston of *The New York Times.* "First of all, the guy is a beautiful writer.") . . . and Ralph Nader, *In the Public Interest.*

Richard Nixon's reply to Haldeman may be missing from the tape, but we can tell you this—people who care about what's going on read ***The New Republic.*** They will read it even more closely in this important Congressional election year. See for yourself. 30 weeks for $9.95, or $13.75 for 48 weeks. Regular price: $15 per year. For cash payment with the one year offer we will send you a free copy of Walter Lippmann's *Early Writings,* (a $7.50 value).

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TRB

from Washington
May 25, 1974

Don't Count on Congress

If it weren't for the impeachment story we would be worrying about double digit inflation. The beauty of Watergate is that it takes our mind off our troubles. It is giving America the best melodrama since Joe McCarthy. What fun. People are tossed back and forth like trees swaying in a breeze. What would the newspapers and TV do without it? Don't think a lot of congressmen aren't aware of advantages. Few are watching them. Reform bills are smothered while people read the transcripts. Debate is ignored. I went to a hearing last week chaired by Hubert Humphrey and at the end of the session there were present one senator, one witness, two reporters and seven tourists. Witness was asserting that at the end of the year US inflation, after a lull, will be bounding up again. Better not think of it. There's always Watergate.

It is possible of course, it is just possible, that out of Watergate will come changes, constitutional amendments and all that. Rarely has the situation been more malleable. But don't count on Congress for reforms; if they come, public anger will bring them, channeled not by political parties but by public interest groups.

Let's run down the list. If there's one thing Watergate proves it's that campaign spending must be regulated. The Senate passed a moderate reform bill April 11, 53-52, over a last-ditch filibuster by Sen. Allen (D, Ala.) but now it's stuck in the House where Rep. Wayne Hays (D, Ohio) has stalled a similar effort for 16 months. He promised to have a bill out in March. Why should congressmen, half from safe seats, who follow the crowd, who have been voting funds for the Vietnam slaughter for years, who are appalled at great issues that sweep the nation and threaten their comfortable rise through seniority—why should they approve federal limits on campaign funds, let alone (God forbid) public financing that might aid their rivals? This is the frightened flock that oddly enough now threatens Mr. Nixon; poor man, what a fate, to be run over by stampeding sheep.

The indignant public may reform Congress; Congress won't reform itself. The House committee structure hasn't been modernized since 1946 and power has drifted into the hands of a few big committees, of which the most important is Ways and Means, under senior satrap Wilbur Mills. If we are to have an effective counterweight to the Imperial Presidency the House committee structure must be reformed. Speaker Albert asked Rep. Richard Bolling to try to do it. He got a first-rate 10-man committee of five Democrats and five Republicans that unanimously recommended sweeping changes. What happened? The Democratic caucus just considered the reform and voted it down (or sidetracked it) 111 to 95, in a clever secret vote so that nobody could tell how they lined up. These were not Republicans, mind you, these were Democrats, who are unctuously condemning Watergate and waiting for an anti-Nixon landslide this fall. They will probably get it, and won't deserve it.

Or take another reform, postcard registration, backed by such a subversive organization as the League of Women Voters, plus organized labor and others, and already through the Senate. Yes, but easier registration might bring riff-raff to the polls, blacks and poor. Voting percentages have steadily declined for 16 years: 64 percent of eligible voters voted in 1960; only 55 percent in 1972. Five or six states already use the system. Canada uses it. (The Canadians are now preparing to do most of the things in their parliamentary elections under their new Election Expenses Act that seem so radical to timid USA.) The House killed easier registration 204 to 197, Democrats voting 166 to 44 *for* the reform, Republicans 20 to 160 *against*. Again, ask yourself, how far can we rely on this body to counterbalance the arrogant Executive?

The list is too long. We have roaring inflation. Congress after 200 years still doesn't have a system whereby it can weigh income against outgo. "We simply cannot constrain inflation in this country until the Congress gets its fiscal house in order!" testified John Dunlop, director of the Cost of Living Council. He calls it "the single most important structural change needed in government." Congress talks about getting around to it. Yes, someday it says it is going to get good and sore at that President who is eroding its fiscal powers. You can hear Congress beating its chest angrily every morning from 8:00 to 8:15 before taking its plunge in its tax-provided pool.

Every other industrial country has a national system of health insurance and Congress has talked about establishing such a system this year. But Teddy Kennedy (and we don't blame him too much) has decided that his fellows won't override a Nixon veto (or maybe a Jerry Ford veto) and has cut back his ambitious proposal to let the insurance companies operate it, arguing in a courageous face-to-face confrontation with trade union leaders at the Miami Beach union-management conference, that a toe-in-the-door approach is wiser under the circumstances. Kennedy, incidentally (it seems to this column) is edging closer and closer to becoming a 1976 presidential candidate all the time.

We aren't at all certain the Democrats will win in 1976. They have no discernible organized doctrine. They are split. Republicans elected Hayes despite the Grant scandals, and Coolidge despite the Harding scandals. Jerry Ford is just the likeable mediocrity the country, suffering a guilt complex, could rally around after ousting Mr. Nixon.

Don't expect too much from the Democratic Congress. It's not used to responsibility. It won't do much on tax reform or social improvements, or anything of that sort. Congress recently quietly dropped a 13-year-old disclosure law designed to curb junkets abroad that cost one million dollars a year. Rep. Hays, whose subcommittee handles the matter, took the House dining room headwaiter with him to a 1963 NATO parliamentarians' conference in Paris on a junket like that. Don't put too much hope in Congress in the presidential mess. Watergate isn't all bad after all—it takes our mind off our troubles. As *The Washington Post*'s Mary Russell succinctly put the matter recently, the position of Congress on reform is (inaudible), its action in the public interest (unintelligible) and its performance as a whole (expletive deleted).

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Contents

5-10 Comment
Resignation *vs.* Impeachment, The Days of Grace, Energy Advertising, Inflation and Taxes, No Ceiling
10 Homemade Nukes—*Peter J. Ognibene*
11 Blacks for Wallace—*Ray Jenkins*
12 Du Pont's Good Works—*Curtis Wilkie*
13 The Nixon Watch: Down to the Wire—*John Osborne*
15 Watergate Whodunnit—*Walter Pincus*
17 Jackson's Bid—*Stanley Karnow*
22 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
23 Books—Reviews by *John Seelye, Albert Schwartz, Joan Joffe Hall, Chilton Williamson, Jr., Peter Caws, Doris Grumbach, Jackson C. Boswell*
32 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*
33 Poem—*Etta Blum*

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Resignation vs. Impeachment

On the in-between days when there is no new, stupefying revelation of a conspiracy to obstruct justice, the newspapers fill their columns with opinions of Billy Graham, Bob Hope, *The Chicago Tribune* or this and that Republican politician on whether or not the President should resign. It would not do for a progressive journal of opinion to lag too far behind, so here's our contribution: Mr. Nixon should resign—if and when the House votes his impeachment. Perhaps that is also what Sen. Goldwater has in mind when he says the President will know *when* to resign. At any rate we hope that is what Mr. Nixon has in mind, and that his sense of timing does not fail him. The Democratic congressional leadership has seen the importance of timing more clearly than the Republicans who have been calling for instant resignation. "If the President were to resign due to such pressures as are now engulfing the country," the Senate Democratic Whip, Robert Byrd of West Virginia, said last week, "and by so doing terminate the impeachment inquiry now underway in the House, a significant portion of our citizens would feel that the President has been driven from office by his political enemies." If Mr. Nixon is forced out by a "flash-fire" of public opinion, our system would be changed from one of "fixed tenure to one in which a President would remain in office only by popular approval." One can think of several American Presidents who would not have served their full term if popularity had been a condition for survival. In the Truman era, even before charges of corruption and incompetence began blowing like a gale, as sober a citizen as Sen. Fulbright suggested that Mr. Truman appoint Sen. Arthur Vandenberg Secretary of State, and then resign so that Vandenberg could move into the White House. That was 1946, there was no Vice President, and the law then governing presidential succession put the Secretary of State next in line. Mr. Truman fortunately ignored the suggestion.

Attitudes toward the wisdom and the timing of resignation reflect interests. The interest of Republican candidates is to get the dead weight of Richard Nixon and Watergate off their backs so that they can run more smoothly and swiftly. He is an encumbrance and they would be better off without him. That was precisely the President's reason for asking key members of his staff to submit their resignations. They had become a political liability to him, just as he now is to

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his party. Then there is Mr. Nixon's interest in getting by with the minimum of damage to himself personally. He must now be aware that never again will it be generally accepted that he is "clean as a hound's tooth." The tape transcripts have settled that. Now his decision to stay or go, and when, requires almost daily assessment of how the Congress is going to vote. We do not take seriously the assurance of daughter Julie, though she was no doubt speaking at his behest, that the President will stick it out as long as one member of the US Senate is on his side. The President must be keeping count, and for the moment he is probably counting on 34 senators to save him should the House vote impeachment. But there are hazards for him in relying on one-third-plus-one of the Senate. Not only will he emerge bruised and battered from a Senate trial, whatever the outcome, but he may miscalculate how the vote will go and then where is he? There is his pension, for example—and the President's expenses have been running very high lately, thanks to some unexpected tax bills. If he resigns he will have a sizable life income, none if he is dismissed. Moreover, if he does not remove himself before the last confrontation in the Senate, he will have subjected himself and the country needlessly to almost interminable, rancorous debate and recrimination. He will not then be allowed to retain any semblance of dignity. The longer he waits, the greater the volume of sordid revelations, and the more revelations, the less chance that he can govern if he wins or save his self-respect if he loses. By taking the decision into his own hands, he might earn a measure of gratitude from a public that wants to bury Watergate and "get on with" the business of government.

So we return to the question: when is resignation dictated by that "concern for the national interest" that Mr. Nixon invoked in commending Spiro Agnew's decision to quit? For the President to leave before the Judiciary Committee completes its review and submits its report or before the entire House has passed judgment on that report would resemble a little too much the spectacle of a President being hounded out of office by the press, public opinions and the polls. If it is not to set a dangerous precedent, resignation of a President, assuming he is not irremediably disabled physically or mentally, should come as the consequence of gross misconduct that has been identified and condemned by constitutionally designated bodies. After indictment by the House, the time will be right for Mr. Nixon to take the initiative and thus forestall the ordeal of a Senate trial. By then most of the country will know, will have had spelled out for it, why the President must go and that he is not being driven out by a hostile press or by partisanship. There will have been a deliberate decision by his constitutionally empowered judges. And they will not have judged his popularity, but his complicity in criminal conduct.

This ex-President could not be certain, of course, that he would escape later criminal prosecution, and thus be in the same box as his indicted associates. But even as a private citizen he is in a stronger position than they to protect himself. Whatever the proven counts against Mr. Nixon, who can contemplate with equanimity the thought of sending a former President to jail? Any formal plea bargaining prior to his departure from the White House would be equally intolerable. And yet we would not find it intolerable were Mr. Nixon to talk informally with Gerald Ford and reach some unwritten general understanding. At any rate, he would be in a better position to discuss the terms of his departure if he resigns than if he is impeached. And, as noted earlier, resignation at the right moment gives him his best chance of benefiting from the public's desire to end the affair.

A third alternative, put forward by Sen. Young (R, ND), that the President ought to use the 25th Amendment and declare himself temporarily "unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office" is the worst solution. Whereas we now have a handicapped presidency, under such Indian-giving circumstances, we would risk a powerless presidency. The absence of firm leadership is visible enough today. Where would we be under acting President Ford? Would the acting President go to Moscow next month, and for whom would he speak and with what authority? A temporary transfer of presidential power cures nothing, and does it at the expense of corrupting a constitutional text. Mr. Nixon's resignation, we repeat, should be tied to a sufficiently rare and extraordinary event—namely his indictment by the House—so that the reasons for it are apparent and the resignation becomes insulated and isolated. Only thus can we avoid long-range damage to the constitutional system as well as the more immediate danger of Mr. Nixon's claiming that he has been unfairly hustled out of office.

He has some weeks yet to make up his mind. The trials of his principal associates are not scheduled to start until the early fall and will stretch out for many weeks thereafter. And no matter how great the pressure to "get it over with," the House will and should move along in a measured and deliberate fashion.

There will perhaps be as many as 20 to 25 percent of the American people who are not going to be satisfied by resignation *or* impeachment. Whatever the evidence against the President, whatever he does in response to it, there will be a minority that will die in the faith that Richard Nixon is an honorable man, innocent of all wrongdoing. But that is something the country can absorb. The majority, once the decision of the House is rendered, would accept Mr. Nixon's departure with satisfaction. When Vice President Agnew quit, some expected a backlash of resentment, because an admitted felon got off so lightly. There was no backlash, only relief.

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The Days of Grace

Back in 1829, the very young wife of the governor of Tennessee suddenly quit his bed and board and returned to the home of her father. Sam Houston had not been beating Eliza. In fact he was away from Nashville on some political business on the day she decided she had had enough of him and left. But the public will make inferences, and when a man's beautiful young wife picks up and leaves him, the citizens of Nashville concluded, he must be guilty of something.

Gov. Houston had been very popular, and only a few weeks before he had announced his intention to seek a second term. But the public would not let this untoward, irrelevant matter rest. Houston gave the situation a good thinking. He concluded it would be a sham to pretend that he could be the same governor as he was before. His brief letter of resignation is a model for any public official similarly embarrassed.

Here is what he wrote to the speaker of Tennessee's Senate:

"In dissolving the political connection which has so long, and in such a variety of forms existed between the people of Tennessee and myself, no private afflictions however deep or incurable can forbid an expression of the grateful recollections so eminently due to the kind partialities of an indulgent public. From my earliest youth, whatever talent was committed to my care has been honestly cultivated and expended for the common good. And at no period of a life which has certainly been marked by a full portion of interesting events have any views of private interests or private ambition been permitted to mingle in the higher duties of public trust. In reviewing the past, I can only regret that my capacity for being useful was so unequal to the devotion of my heart, and it is one of the few remaining consolations of my life that even had I been blessed with ability equal to my zeal my country's generous support in every vicissitude of my life has been more than equal to them both.

"That veneration for public opinion by which I have measured every act of my official life has taught me to hold no delegated power which would not daily be renewed by my constituents could the choice be daily submitted to a sensible expression of their will. And although shielded by a perfect consciousness of undiminished claim to the confidence and support of my fellow citizens, yet delicately circumstanced as I am, and by my own misfortunes, more than by the fault or contrivance of any one, overwhelmed by sudden calamities, it is certainly due to myself and more respectful to the world, that I should retire from a position, which in the public judgment, I might seem to occupy by questionable authority."

Paul Marx

MR. MARX *is professor of English at the University of New Haven.*

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DELETED
EXPLETIVE DELETED!!
NOW YOU'VE GOT COFFEE ALL OVER THE DELETED TABLE!

"First Golda and now Willy Brandt—that's <u>two</u> world leaders who have gracefully resigned recently. . . ."

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Energy Advertising

The tone of energy advertising has changed curiously during the past year and now has an evangelistic ring. There has been a series of pithy essays by Mobil on the op-ed page of *The New York Times*, describing the good qualities of the oil industry for readers who may or may not be interested. These have been among the soberest of the ads. American Electric Power, Inc., a holding company for seven big midwestern utilities, has challenged its critics more sharply. An AEP ad that appeared in all the nation's most widely read papers and magazines around the first of April is typical. At the top is a cartoon of a modishly dressed young man with curly hair, eyeglasses and beady eyes, holding a placard that reads, "Generate Less Energy." In bold type at his feet the American Electric Power Company replies, "Sure. And generate galloping unemployment!" The ad rebuts its fictional opponent with "evidence" and concludes that "our representatives" must "begin to act." American Electric wants Congress to modify the Clean Air Act "so that more of our coals may be burned" and it seeks the release of "vast reserves of US Government owned low-sulphur coal in the West." Otherwise, the ad implies, there will be "less production, fewer jobs, lower demand for products followed by still further diminished production and galloping unemployment until America is eventually reduced to the hard life."

This is one of a series of ads that have been running in the country's largest papers since December, most of which end with a cartoon of two plump faces in Arab headdress and the note: "America has more coal than the Middle East has oil. Let's dig it!" In the latest issue of *Environmental Action* magazine, Lee Stephenson reports that the "let's dig it" campaign represents a huge investment by American Electric, costing about $2.7 million, far more than the company's total 1973 budget for advertising of $1.4 million. The reason is apparent: American Electric, Stephenson says, owns a railroad, a "fleet of tugboats and barges," six mining companies and holds claims on millions of acres of coal-rich land in the West.

Environmentalists are angered not so much by the self-serving intent of these ads as by the half-truths cited as fact. No environmental lobbyist, for example, advocates that we should "generate less energy." This is just a PR label for the alleged philosophy of conservationists. The large corporations can afford to buy full pages of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* (or *The New Republic*) to promote this kind of lobbying on complex environmental issues; environmentalists cannot respond in kind. Because a full-page ad in the *Times* costs about $10,000, they find they get better results for their money by working on legal briefs, public hearings and press conferences. (One group *has* filmed several countercommercials to answer the industry. So far the networks have refused to give free time.)

Criticism of energy propaganda has come not only from such professional skeptics as Consumers Union and Ralph Nader, but from high officials in the federal government. John Quarles, deputy administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, wrote to the president of PPG Industries last winter to complain about an ad attacking the EPA's no-lead gasoline regulations. The ad pictured a barrel of oil being poured down a sewer and claimed that EPA's decision "could have the net effect of dumping one million barrels of crude oil every day." Quarles told the company this was inaccurate. He eventually turned the ad and PPG's explanation of it over to the Federal Trade Commission for investigation. The FTC hasn't decided who was right. The second case involved the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, Russell Peterson, who objected to the "let's dig it" ad mentioned earlier. He wrote to the American Electric Power Company that "the implied message of your ad is that persons who support energy conservation are pushing America into a recession. This, if I may say so, can truly be labeled nonsense." The chairman of the board, Donald Cook, shot back that Peterson had written a "scurrilous" letter, and he asked President Nixon to investigate "both the official and clandestine activities of Mr. Peterson in the conduct of his office." According to Peterson's assistant, this "raised some eyebrows across the street" at the White House, but Peterson and Cook have met and resolved their squabble amicably. The aide said Peterson wrote the letter because he thought the ad was a "particularly irresponsible" example of many irresponsible energy ads.

The Media Access Project, a small public interest firm in Washington, DC, has made this controversy its own. One of its lawyers, Harvey Shulman, filed a brief with the FTC in January on behalf of six congressmen who felt the energy companies were publishing unsubstantiated ads about energy and the environment. Shulman argued that the rules of proof for ad claims should be applied to *all* ads, not just those dealing with products. He listed 18 energy ads he thought were misleading and ought to be investigated by the commission. Again, though the FTC has taken the petition under review, it has made no decision and won't talk about it.

On May 6 Shulman appeared before the Senate environment subcommittee, chaired by Sen. Philip Hart, to present a new case against the energy companies. He based his testimony on a file of letters written to Sen. Hart in reply to questions he asked in January. Shulman announced that he'd found a "multimillion dollar scandal involving the failure of the Internal Revenue Service and Federal Power Commission to enforce laws regarding the proper tax and accounting treatment of enormous sums of money spent for advertising." The scandal, in short, is that the corporations have been buying space for ads that

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Shulman considers political and treating them as a tax-deductible, nonpolitical business expense.

Shulman read aloud a section of the IRS code that forbids companies from deducting as business expenses any money spent for "lobbying purposes, for the promotion or defeat of legislation . . . or for the carrying on of propaganda [including advertising] relating to any of the foregoing purposes. . . ." This seems to indicate that ads recommending changes in the Clean Air Act are not tax-deductible. The same applies to ads on oil profits (for Congress is working on oil profits tax bills), the Alaska pipeline, natural gas prices and procedures for licensing atomic plants.

In the last year there have been dozens of ads on these issues, but only one sponsor admitted its ads were political: Mobil Oil. Mobil was the only one of seven oil companies that replied to Hart and agreed that most of its ads were not tax-deductible. The American Electric Power Company said "we think these advertisements are best described as 'informational and institutional.'" An employee in the legal department said the "let's dig it" series is "primarily educational. Part of our responsibility as a public utility is to inform people of the problems connected with the present energy crisis." Exxon said the ads in question "would be considered as 'goodwill (*i.e.* institutional)'" and therefore tax-deductible. Phillips Petroleum, Shell, Gulf and Atlantic-Richfield replied the same way. Texaco said it sponsored no political ads, and vice president for worldwide sales, P. B. Hicks, Jr., noted that Congress criticized the industry for not furnishing enough information: "Accordingly our company has made efforts through such means as the Texaco advertisements attached to your letter to inform the public."

How did those nonpolitical, informational ads read? One published by Texaco in the January 18 *Washington Post*, along with some general income data, volunteered that "today there is a lot of talk in Washington about arbitrarily limiting the US earnings of energy companies . . . Hasty and punitive legislation would reduce the capital available to energy companies at the very time when their need for capital investment to supply consumer demand is at an all-time high." This nonpolitical subject came up for a vote in the Senate two weeks later.

Shulman estimates that as much as $250 million was spent last year on political ads and deducted as nonpolitical business expenses. The seven oil companies and the trade association that answered Hart's letter said they spent $126 million on ads last year. The most recent figure indicates that utilities spent $88.7 million for ads in 1970. Their financing is suspect too, Shulman says, for they are required to report political ads to the Federal Power Commission as "nonoperating expenses." Last year none of the utility ads Shulman considered political were reported to the FPC in that way. When a utility describes its ads as part of its normal operations, it may pass the cost along to its captive audience of ratepayers, whether they agree with the political slant of the ad or not. The FPC has not investigated Shulman's charge and doesn't plan to at this time.

Inflation and Taxes

According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, consumer prices went up 10 percent during the past 12 months. The measured rise would be even greater if the bureau took proper account of indirect price increases—the deterioration of services and in the quality of goods. So far this year wholesale prices have advanced at a 20 percent annual clip, with no relief in sight at the retail level. Nor is any slackening augured by the persistent climb of business investment and household spending, both powered by expanding credit despite the Federal Reserve's tight money policy. In short, the steepest peacetime inflation on record is unchecked, and the least the nation can hope for in a demoralized administration is that ill-considered interventions won't make matters worse.

It is gratifying, therefore, to note that Senate Democrats who were pressing for a $6.6 billion "anti-recession" tax cut, have had a change of heart. The proposal they had first put forward was not only inflationary but could not have had any useful impact on unemployment, which will probably hit its highest point this summer. The amended Senate bill, sponsored by Kennedy, Long and Mondale, would both lower and raise taxes—giving more purchasing power to low and middle income families, while simultaneously achieving some long overdue tax reforms. The income relief would appear in two forms: a) rebates to poorer families of Social Security taxes in amounts up to $100 quarterly, and b) tax credits allowable in the lower income brackets of $190 for each personal exemption. The "credits" would be deductible from actual taxes paid, in contrast to ordinary exemption allowances, which are deductions from income. At the same time, the bill raises the standard exemption for a taxpayer and his dependents from $750 to $825.

Compensating for these reductions in Treasury revenue, and with the peril of inflation in mind, the Kennedy-Long-Mondale bill would boost the taxes of oil companies, all corporations, and some of the wealthy individuals who now slip through one tax loophole or another. The net cost to the Treasury—reductions minus increases—would be $2.2 billion, almost two-thirds less than the anti-recession stimulus the Democrats initially contemplated. Thus tax reform, which has been studied to a standstill in Congress since the Kennedy administration, is harnessed to the more popular cause of tax reduction.

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No Ceiling

Construction costs are skyrocketing, mortgage interest rates are on the rise, and housing prices are going up so fast that more than half the population is priced out of the market. A tight money (high-interest rates) policy designed to depress inflation has depressed new construction; housing starts have declined; savings and loan institutions, once again experiencing more withdrawals than deposits, are hurting for money to make mortgage loans. The casualties are builders, lenders, would-be sellers and would-be buyers of new and existing housing, poor and middle class alike.

Rising real estate prices or escalating interest rates aren't new. The rate of the climb is. The median purchase price of a new house today is said to be $34,900, about twice the price of a comparable house 10 years ago. The National Association of Homebuilders estimates that the price of houses has gone up 18.5 percent in the past year, 40 percent in the past two years. To qualify for a mortgage loan a buyer would have to have an annual income of between $14,000 and $16,000 to buy a $35,000 house with a minimal downpayment. The median income for a family of four is $11,000.

Current rates for conventional loans hover around nine and one-half percent, hardly an inducement to borrowers contemplating a 25- or 30-year obligation: every percentage point in interest adds thousands of dollars to the ultimate cost of a loan. Only four or five years ago mortgage money could be had at 5.5 percent.

The home builders association maintains that despite all the bad vibrations now is a good time to buy a home, if only as a hedge against worse to come: interest at 9.5 percent is a bargain when the annual inflation rate is approaching 12 percent. It might be a good time to buy *if* you could find a house and a loan. But housing starts have declined from two million last year to a predicted 1.6 million this year and many lenders aren't lending even at today's high interest rates.

This is the background to Mr. Nixon's promise of May 10 to pump more than $10 billion into the private mortgage markets to be used for conventional, Veterans Administration and FHA loans. Critics, notably Sen. Edward Brooke (R, Mass.), have described the move as a boon to lenders and buyers of expensive housing and small help to the working poor. By making billions available to savings and loans, with no strings attached, says Brooke, the President makes it possible for them to lend to the most affluent, to loan applicants who are less of a risk. With no government-imposed limit on the size of individual loans, borrowers are free to buy as big as they can get, that is, to purchase bigger and more expensive houses than they need, hoping to sell and cash in when prices are higher.

A single loan under VA and FHA cannot exceed $33,000 (the President wants the ceiling raised to $45,000). But that's only a limit on the amount of the loan, not the price of the house. A $33,000 loan can be used to buy a $60,000 house. At the very least, Sen. Brooke would channel mortgage money into the market for more modestly priced housing, where the need is greatest.

Under housing goals contrived during Lyndon Johnson's administration, 2.6 million housing units were to be built each year (600,000 of them for low-income families) until, by 1978, there would be adequate decent housing for everybody. Last year the government assisted in producing only 181,000 housing units for the poor (including public housing and subsidized rental and occupant-owned housing units). The administration says 600,000 more such units will be constructed, and it is experimenting on a pilot-project basis with rent supplements that will initially benefit about 18,000 people. Moreover more money in the hands of banks and middle-income house-hunters does nothing to reduce construction costs, interest rates or housing prices. Even with mortgage money flowing more freely, both the average family and the working poor will be hard put to find something they can afford.

Homemade Nukes

The atomic bomb that leveled Hiroshima contained 132 pounds of uranium-235. By coincidence, 132 pounds of U-235 "disappeared" from a nuclear fuel plant in Apollo, Pennsylvania, over a period of several years. The Atomic Energy Commission launched an investigation costing five million dollars but ultimately concluded that the nuclear material had simply been "lost" in processing or through shoddy inventory and accounting practices. To put it another way, AEC had no idea what had happened.

Nuclear physics has made such giant leaps since 1945 that a crude nuclear weapon can now be fashioned with about 37 pounds of uranium or 13 pounds of plutonium. With so many "atomic secrets" published in the open scientific literature, several thousand people in this country are probably capable of building such a bomb if they could get hold of the requisite metals. Incredibly, there are few safeguards to prevent fissionable material from being stolen during the manufacturing process or while in transit.

On April 30 Sen. Abraham Ribicoff (D, Conn.) made public the unclassified portion of the "special safeguards study" conducted for AEC by a panel of scientific and security experts. Its findings are cause for concern. For instance loose inventory and accounting practices in nuclear processing and storage facilities "make it impossible to say that an explosive mass has not been diverted." A prevalent form of theft in other

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industries involves concealing the diversion of stolen material by falsifying inventory or accounting records; so it is conceivable that one or more employees at a nuclear plant might be able to steal small quantities of plutonium over a long enough period of time to build a bomb. As the report notes: "The time delay in the inventory system is long enough to allow a skilled diverter to have constructed an explosive device before the system can reach a conclusion that diversion has taken place."

There is also the danger of an outright hijacking. A recent General Accounting Office report found serious flaws in the transportation of nuclear material. GAO noted that one shipment was tied down on an open flatbed truck that had no alarm system or two-way radio. Moreover the driver was given no specific route to follow. Had the truck been stolen AEC would not have known when or where to begin looking for it. Although AEC now requires armed guards to accompany shipments of "special nuclear material" (uranium or plutonium of weapons grade), one transportation company told the special study panel that it licensed its guards to carry firearms only in its home state. Most states require private guards to be licensed for firearms, but the logistical problem of getting every guard licensed in every state is so overwhelming that the company simply sends its guards across state lines and gambles that guns will never be needed. Because of the legal complications should unlicensed guards use their firearms, some "companies have instructed their guards not to use their weapons to stop theft of special nuclear material, but only in defense of their lives."

About 600 private organizations are authorized to possess special nuclear material (SNM); 95 of them hold more than 11 pounds of SNM and are thus required to conform to AEC procedures for protecting it. Yet the special study panel has shown that these inventory, accounting and security practices are inadequate. Sen. Ribicoff would remedy the inadequacy by creating a bureau of nuclear materials safety within a reorganized AEC. (He has introduced his measure as an amendment to S2744, the Energy Reorganization Act of 1974.) AEC currently estimates that the annual requirement for SNM for weapons and power plants will exceed two million pounds by 1980. With the advent of "fast breeder" reactors, AEC anticipates domestic production will increase another tenfold by the end of the century.

No fissionable material has so far been stolen, but that may be because no one has tried. The study panel believes that "international terrorist organizations, particularly those of the Arabs, probably have the ability to infiltrate highly trained teams of 10 to 15 men into this country without detection." The panel's suggested first line of defense against this putative threat is "timely and in-depth intelligence" through "electronic and other means of surveillance" and "most important . . . [the] infiltration of the groups themselves." When "the groups" and the "credible threat" they are said to present have not been identified, there is no justification for such measures. Of more practical and immediate value would be inventory and accounting procedures designed to detect and prevent diversion of uranium and plutonium from processing plants and transporting vehicles. In addition the federal government ought not foist the burden of protecting nuclear shipments on private transportation companies; that responsibility should be borne by the government itself.

Peter J. Ognibene

Blacks for Wallace

Montgomery, Alabama

On the day after Johnny Ford, the black mayor of Tuskegee, endorsed George Wallace for reelection as governor, according to the grapevine in the gossipy state bureaucracy, Tuskegee officials swarmed into the Alabama Development Office, the moneybags agency of state government, like boll weevils attacking a cotton patch. Whether the story is true or apocryphal, this is precisely what Mayor Ford had in mind. A man of disarming candor, Ford believes that supporting winning candidates is simply "the name of the game." To those who knew Ford—who had been with Robert Kennedy the night he was shot in Los Angeles—his endorsement of Wallace came as no shock, although a few old hands around Tuskegee recall that this same Johnny Ford had once been a student in the Tuskegee public schools, which were shut down in 1963 by Wallace's state troopers in the last-ditch fight to hold the color line in public education.

Ford had pretty well established his political pragmatism two years earlier when he supported Richard Nixon, and for more or less the same reasons. (In Tuskegee these days, color lines tend to become bewilderingly blurred. Ford's wife—a white woman from an aristocratic family in neighboring Union Springs—voted for George McGovern, just as she may well have voted against George Wallace this year.)

Ford was not alone among black politicians in his belief that you get things done in politics by supporting winners. On election night, Joe Read, who runs the state's most effective black political organization, the Alabama Democratic Conference, and who wouldn't vote for Wallace if the only opponent on the ballot was Genghis Khan, manfully faced reality: Wallace, he conceded, had received between 20 and 25 percent of the black vote in the state. And for a gov-

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ernor who only four years ago pulled his political chestnuts out of the fire by crying "black bloc vote," this was quite an achievement.

Wallace's bandwagon was running full speed. His opponents had no chance from the outset, and a lot of blacks saw little profit in bloodying their heads against a brick wall. Moreover, Wallace made it somewhat easier for them by modifying his strident rhetoric. It may sound strange to those outside the Alabama milieu, but it was a notable event when Wallace promised to be "the governor of *all* the people."

And there were other factors. Black schoolteachers, who had shared in a recent handsome salary increase even though Wallace had precious little to do with it, showed their gratitude. Organized labor supported Wallace for the first time in many a moon, and this pulled a few more black votes. And then, of course, there's the governor's own explanation: his programs had always benefited the poor, and heaven knows the blacks in Alabama are still that. Not long ago he casually showed a visitor a copy of a letter from a black mother in south Alabama who wrote him that she was voting for him because he had given free textbooks to her children. (She failed to note that George Wallace had also increased her taxes by a considerable amount.)

And finally there was a clearly identifiable sympathy vote at work. Some people feel that blacks, as long-suffering people, may have been moved even more by Wallace's disability than whites.

C. G. Gomillion, the retired Tuskegee Institute sociology professor and patriarch of the racial equality movement in Alabama, indulged himself in a modest departure from his British-like restraint to observe a couple of days after the election that he was "quite disappointed" at the size of the Wallace black vote. "Back in the early sixties," he said, "I was telling people that if you'd just give us 10 years, we would prove that blacks would reach a level of political responsibility. Apparently, our educational program has not been as effective as we had hoped it would be."

A white who has long worked in harness with Gomillion was less generous and courteous in his assessment. "Let's face it," he said, "our niggers are actin' like white folks."

As never before Wallace can now legitimately claim to the nation that he does have a substantial base of black support at home. It also appears that he is on the verge of wresting control of the Alabama Democratic party from his intractable foes, the national party loyalists. And finally—and perhaps most significantly for the next two years—the campaign demonstrated that even though he is in a wheelchair, George Wallace is fully capable of waging and winning a political contest by spectacular proportions.

Ray Jenkins

MR. JENKINS *is a reporter for the* Alabama Journal.

DuPont's Good Works

Ten years ago Rep. Wright Patman of Texas told Congress that the vast fortune of the Alfred I. du Pont estate "will one day slip away forever from the payment of any income taxes" because of its relationship with the tax-exempt Nemours Foundation. Patman was prophetic. Despite the imposition of a four percent tax and additional regulations for private foundations that were covered—because of Patman's persistence—in the 1969 Tax Reform Act, the Nemours Foundation still pays no federal taxes. Through a loophole in the law, the Nemours Foundation is not only escaping nearly $600,000 a year in taxes but avoiding the minimum requirement for charitable payments. It has built up a surplus fund estimated at $35 million by spending only about 20 percent of its annual income for charitable purposes.

The story has elements of "A Christmas Carol": an elderly man, the hoarding of money and crippled children.

The chief character is Edward Ball, an 86-year-old Florida millionaire, brother-in-law and confidante of the late Alfred I. du Pont. Ball has run the affairs of the du Pont estate and the Nemours Foundation with a tight fist for nearly 40 years and done an extraordinary job in compounding the estate's assets by reinvesting income instead of spending it. The money brought him political pull and business leverage, to the point where he became known as the most powerful man in Florida. There is no evidence of personal wealth in his life-style, however. He lives in two rooms of a Jacksonville hotel and will bang out ice from his refrigerator to serve guests a cocktail rather than calling on room service. "Mr. Ball," says an associate, "is conservative in his handling of money." For example when the du Pont estate was ordered to sell its controlling interest in the Florida National Banks group in 1971, he took the $57 million from the sale of the stock and invested it all in certificates of deposit.

Ball is an old hand at dealing with federal regulations. In the 1960s he spurned Labor Department efforts to settle a prolonged strike against the Florida East Coast Railway, which the du Pont estate controls. The estate is now under orders from the Federal Reserve Board to give up its remaining holdings in the Florida National Banks group. The Securities and Exchange Commission recently forced the estate to sell back $476,000 in Florida East Coast Railway bonds it was charged with buying on inside information.

A maverick member of one of America's wealthiest families, Alfred I. du Pont moved from Delaware to live the last years of his life in Florida, after a bitter feud with his cousins over the control of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. in the early part of this century. At the time of his death in 1935, du Pont left an estate valued at $39 million, including a mansion and 275

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acres of manicured countryside near Wilmington. The property was ringed by a 12-foot stone wall topped with shards of glass "to keep out intruders, mainly in the name of du Pont."

In his will, du Pont set up the Nemours Foundation for three specific purposes: 1) to maintain the grounds of his estate near Wilmington "for the pleasure and benefit of the public"; 2) to maintain a charitable institution for the care and treatment of crippled children or the elderly; 3) to use surplus funds as contributions "to other worthy charitable institutions." The foundation was originally funded with a one million dollar bequest from du Pont. The will also stipulated that after the death of his widow, Jessie Ball du Pont, the foundation would fall heir to virtually all income from the huge trust. In the intervening years Mrs. du Pont sustained the foundation by turning over to it 12 percent of her annual income from the trust account. A 60-bed crippled children's hospital was built behind the walls of du Pont's Wilmington estate, and a modest program of grants to outside agencies was begun.

Mrs. du Pont died in 1970—the year the Tax Reform Act took effect for foundations. By inheriting the entire du Pont estate, the Nemours Foundation assumed an endowment that is almost incalculable. Its worth is believed to be at least one billion dollars, which would make it the fourth largest foundation in the country. Aside from its interests in banks and railroads in Florida, the estate holds formidable blocs of du Pont Co. and General Motors stock and controls the St. Joe Paper Co., which owns more than a million acres of timberland in Florida.

Rather than channeling its newly increased wealth toward philanthropy, Nemours has retrenched. It was Mr. Ball who engineered the move by Nemours to ask the Internal Revenue Service to reclassify it as a "hospital" instead of a foundation. The request was granted routinely by the IRS in April 1971. To qualify as a "hospital" for tax purposes, Nemours has terminated its programs of grants to charitable agencies and limited its activities to the crippled children. But out of nearly $15 million that the foundation received from the estate in 1972—the last year for which records are available—only $2.7 million was spent at the hospital. Another $555,000 was used to maintain the Versailles-like grounds, but the general public is rarely permitted inside the walls. The rest of the money was put in the bank. Most of the patients at the hospital contribute to their care through medical insurance payments. Nothing is being spent on the elderly.

Following an article in the *Wilmington Evening Journal* last month detailing some of the manipulation by Nemours, foundation officials resurrected talk of expanding the hospital. Construction plans have been languishing since 1971. US Attorney Ralph F. Keil of Delaware has asked the IRS for a formal review of the circumstances behind Nemours' transformation to a "hospital."

In the meantime the surplus is piling up at the rate of about $12 million a year. Ball has refused to answer questions concerning the Nemours Foundation and won't say if the money is deposited with the Florida National Bank combine. In his office in the bank building in Jacksonville there is a plaque that says: "In grateful appreciation to the Nemours Foundation of the Alfred I. du Pont Estate for assistance in the rehabilitation of handicapped children throughout the Big Bend area." In order to qualify as a "hospital" for tax purposes, the Nemours Foundation seems unwilling to provide such assistance in the Big Bend area of Florida or anywhere beyond the stone walls of the du Pont property near Wilmington.

Curtis Wilkie

MR. WILKIE *is a reporter for the* News-Journal *of Wilmington.*

The Nixon Watch

Down to the Wire

A uniquely qualified and influential student of Richard Nixon's character, inclinations and quirks is former Congressman, Defense Secretary and White House Counsellor Melvin R. Laird. The friends who welcome and respect his views on what the President should do and is likely to do in response to Watergate pressures include Vice President Gerald Ford and practically the entire Republican leadership in the US House of Representatives. In his current capacity as the *Reader's Digest*'s grandiloquently titled "senior counsellor for national and international affairs" and author of forthcoming articles on the presidential veto and presidential abuse of national security powers, Laird wants it to be understood that he is concentrating upon his first private job in 30 years and is out of politics. He was in Europe on *Digest* business in April and early May and might be supposed to have had no part in the Republican ferment that preceded and followed Mr. Nixon's release of the edited transcripts of 46 of his Watergate conversations on April 30. Laird returned to Washington at the end of the week when the transcripts were released and he didn't pretend that he was detached from it all when we talked by telephone on May 14. He did not exactly confirm certain rumors that I'd been hearing about his role in Republican councils and the advice that he had been giving his party friends since he quit the White House staff last February. But he gave reason to believe that the stories were close enough to the truth to be reportable.

An extreme version of the Laird advice as it had filtered through to me was that he was saying that the President would be willing and prepared to resign and so rid the Republican party and the nation of the

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Watergate incubus to the extent that he personified it, provided—and this was a very big proviso—that a spectacular success enabled him to leave office on a note of triumph. The dismal domestic prospects being what they were, Watergate aside, any such success would have to come abroad in some area of foreign affairs. A conclusive settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict and/or major progress toward viable and expanded agreement with the Soviet Union on strategic arms limitation were the obvious possibilities. Laird was said to have told his friends that the President hoped for at least the beginnings of an adequate success in March and that the thought of resignation then was entertained. Success didn't come in March or in April or in early May, and at mid-May even a limited Syrian-Israeli accommodation still seemed to be eluding Henry Kissinger in the Middle East. To believers in this version of the Laird version of Mr. Nixon's expectations and calculations, the fact that success on the required scale continued to elude the President represented a multiple tragedy and compounded an overwhelming sense of a time and a scene gone mad.

Laird indicated that he has been giving Vice President Ford and such other friends as Reps. John Rhodes of Arizona and Robert Michel of Illinois, respectively the Republican floor leader and the chairman of the Republican campaign committee, a line of advice that is interesting in itself and for the fact that such people listen to it even if they do not necessarily heed it. Rhodes said on May 8 that the President should consider resignation if his situation continues to worsen. Michel said that he wants no part of the clamor for resignation. Ford keeps indicating that he's plenty worried but not by any suspicion that the President is guilty of anything. Inasmuch as Laird made a point of dealing on the record with reporters when he was an official, he presumably won't object to being allowed to speak for himself in the abridged but not distorted account of our talk that follows.

Q: Anything to these stories that you've been discussing the President's problems and the Watergate situation with a good many other people and that you are the architect of some of the thinking on what to do about it?

A: First, I want you to know that I have not been calling people. I have had people calling me—people on the Hill and political people. They have been trying to get me involved and I have been trying not to become involved. I really think that I've got to pay attention to what I'm doing here at the *Digest* for a period of time.

Q: Have you expressed the view to some of your friends that your reading of Mr. Nixon is that if he managed to bring about a major accomplishment, probably in foreign affairs, something that would enable him to leave office on a note of triumph, a peak of success, he then might be prepared to leave?

A: Well, I have said that would probably be the only condition under which he would reconsider his position. I believe that when he says he will not resign, I think that is his position and something very dramatic would have to occur before that position would change.

Q: Have you also told your friends, the prospect of any spectacular success being rather remote, that probably the President could not be brought to resign and resolve this impasse until sometime in the fall, maybe even after the fall elections?

A: Well, I am not sure about that. Back around February, I thought that there would be a majority in the House of about a hundred votes against indictment [Laird's term for impeachment]. The situation is changing, there is a momentum that's going against the President, and right now I think probably he would win in the House by no more than 20 or 30 votes against indictment. But I don't think there will be any action in the Congress before September so there will be a period of time when many things could take place.

Q: Have you been discussing these problems with Mr. Ford lately?

A: Well, you know I talk to Jerry Ford and I talk to people like John Rhodes and Bob Michel, people like that. But as far as having a big strategy worked out, I just don't have anything like that and I have not laid one out any place. I have talked frankly and openly to people like that in a sort of private way. But I don't want to embarrass anybody about that. I think Jerry would tell you that I talk with him and I do keep in touch.

The discernible atmosphere at the White House indicated that Laird's reading of the Nixon mind, however much it may be respected by his friends, is not shared and will be profoundly resented by the President's current associates. At levels up to and just below that of Gen. Alexander Haig, the President's staff chief, the attitudes that I came upon at mid-May can be summarized as follows. There was absolutely no sense or readiness to acknowledge that the President and the very few advisers who were consulted about the release of the Watergate transcripts had misjudged their impact upon the public and Congress in any substantial or blameable way. The transcripts had to be released for two reasons: first, to forestall "selective release" of the most hurtful of them by the House Judiciary Committee, and second, to rally public sympathy for resistance to further disclosure. The public's romantic notions of what goes on in any President's

COMING: the Hitler boom in West Germany—a report by Charles Lam Markmann

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private councils and the consequent shock of reality may have been underestimated. The hypocrisy of politicians like Sen. Hugh Scott, whining about "deplorable, disgusting, shabby, immoral performances" with which they were perfectly familiar and in which they had often participated, was not adequately anticipated. Reactions of this sort stimulated an adverse public reaction that wouldn't have been so severe, it was said in quarters very close to Mr. Nixon, if jerks like Scott had kept their mouths shut. But so what? The worst of it would pass, it was already passing. So went the talk that I heard and that, I was told, Gen. Haig heard and encouraged at his senior staff meetings.

The President bespoke the sentiment reported by those around him when he said to friendly congressmen: "I'm not guilty and I'm not going to resign." One of his daughters, Julie Eisenhower, quoted him at family dinner on his professed determination to see the impeachment process through to the bitter end of Senate trial if that be the will of Congress. "It was a very great quotation, very quotable," Julie said. "He said he would take this constitutionally down the wire." Nothing goes wholly right at the Nixon White House nowadays. An assistant checked with Mrs. Eisenhower and reported that she'd meant to say, "down to the wire." Several publications that were yammering about errors in the Nixon transcripts reported what she meant to say instead of what she said.

John Osborne

The Transcripts Don't Tell the Whole Truth

Watergate Whodunnit

by Walter Pincus

The transcripts of conversations released by the White House provide additional pieces of the Watergate puzzle, not, as Mr. Nixon and his aides assert, final answers to the questions of what the President knew, when he knew it and what he did about it. The White House was highly selective in what it turned over to the House Judiciary Committee and made public. Many of the 42 conversations called for by the committee's first subpoena were included, but not all of them. Material not requested by the committee was also included—tapes of conversations and statements the White House added to the package because they bolstered the President's defense.

What reasoning dictated the choice of one tape and the denial of another? For one thing a few requested conversations of April 15, 1973 took place after the tape recorder in the President's EOB office ran out, according to the White House. But that excuse doesn't hold for all the missing conversations. The White House owes the committee and the public some further explanation.

Let's turn to April 18, 1973, on which day the President talked to Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen three times. The cover-up was collapsing, White House counsel John Wesley Dean III was giving information to the prosecutors, and Mr. Nixon was trying desperately to keep his two top aides, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, from being engulfed. Petersen told the Senate Watergate Committee he talked to the President about two important subjects. The first was Mr. Nixon's strong order that the prosecutors should not explore the Ellsberg break-in as part of the investigation. The second concerned immunity for Dean. The President told Petersen that Dean indicated he already had been given immunity by the prosecutors—a fact Petersen disputed but said he would check. When Petersen called the President back on April 18 to say immunity had not been granted Dean, the President responded—according to Petersen's testimony—"Well, you know, I have it on tape if you want to hear it . . . ." Those April 18 telephone conversations, therefore, contain important information. In supplying transcripts, however, the White House included only one April 18 phone conversation, and that one, early in the afternoon, covered neither the Ellsberg matter nor the conversation about Dean's immunity and the tape relating to it. Since the President was in his office at the time both telephone calls took place, the White House cannot argue they were on phones unconnected to the taping system. Why were these transcripts withheld?

There's also something odd about a nonrequested tape transcript that was made public. It covers the April 19, 1973 conversation among the President, John Wilson and Frank Strickler. Wilson and Strickler were

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the newly appointed lawyers for Haldeman and Ehrlichman. The conversation was filled with statements about the innocence, not only of the President in the Watergate affair, but of Haldeman and Ehrlichman. This was not the only time, however, when the President talked with lawyer Wilson. One week later, on the evening of April 26, the two had another conversation. Wilson had spent more time on the case. More important, on April 25 and April 26, Haldeman had obtained some 22 tapes from the Secret Service safe and according to his own testimony had twice listened to the recording of the President's March 21, 1973 conversation with John Dean. As the President has conceded, that March 21 conversation was a crucial one It is unimaginable that Haldeman did not talk to Wilson about that conversation, indeed he may have given his lawyer the extensive notes he made while listening the second time. Perhaps, as was implied at one point in Judge John Sirica's court, Mr. Wilson was offered an opportunity to hear that tape or the others. Wilson has denied the allegation, but the 22 tapes were not returned to the Secret Service until May 2, 1973, and no one could or would explain who had them between April 26 and May 2. The tape of the conversation between the President and Wilson on April 26 might shed some light on that situation, if it were released. Thus another question: Why was the transcript of Mr. Nixon's first conversation with lawyer Wilson released, but not his second?

Another set of conversations sought by the Judiciary Committee and not delivered relate to meetings with Dean between March 17 and March 20, 1973. The transcripts do include a snippet from the March 17 meeting, but according to the White House logs, that meeting lasted for 45 minutes. The White House account, supplied to the Senate Watergate Committee, shows most of the discussion concerned Watergate, with only a passing reference to the disclosure to the President by Dean of the Ellsberg break-in. The turned over transcript covers only those few minutes of discussion of the Ellsberg burglary. Why was the remainder of the conversation withheld? The President and Dean also met on March 19 and March 20. Neither transcript was supplied, although the latter one, even by the White House log, dealt with Watergate. It is worth noting in passing that portions of the March 20 conversation dealing with Robert Vesco were made available to the prosecution and defense in the Mitchell-Stans trial. The only possible excuse for withholding these transcripts would be a technical one—the subpoena called for conversations between the President and Dean and on March 19 and 20—Richard Moore, another Nixon aide, sat in on the meetings.

Deletions in the transcripts because of supposedly inaudible portions give the appearance of censorship. In other portions dashes appear that imply something has been dropped; when a sentence picks up again, the conversation has moved on to something else. There is another form of omission—identification of portions where "material unrelated to Presidential actions [have been] deleted." One such notation appears in the March 27, 1973 conversation among the President, Haldeman and Ehrlichman. At that moment the White House is made aware—through Dean—that former deputy campaign director Jeb Stuart Magruder is going to tell the prosecutors he had lied during the first Watergate trial and identify John Mitchell as the man who had responsibility for the Watergate operation. Where Haldeman says one of the convicted Watergate burglars, Bernard Barker, "said he couldn't remember who he delivered the tap reports to," the deletion is indicated. The transcript shows the excised material runs two pages. The conversation then picks up with the President saying, "Well, what is Mitchell's option though?" That question plus the material that follows shows the conversation had moved from tap reports to Mitchell, yet all that portion of the conversation is deleted on the ground it was "material unrelated to Presidential actions."

Missing transcripts and deleted sections of delivered transcripts are only two of the deficiencies in the released material. As John Osborne says elsewhere in this issue, the President occasionally showed his awareness that his words were being taped or, in a similar vein, displayed a selective memory from one conversation to another. On April 16, 1973 the President met with Dean. He knew Dean was talking to the prosecutors, wanted his counsel to resign but because he feared what Dean could say about the White House did not want him to feel he was being fired. Although it was only three weeks since Dean had given him a full report on Hunt's demand for money, the President asked Dean about payments claiming, "the only time I ever heard any discussion of support for the defense fund was (inaudible). I guess I should have assumed somebody was helping them. I must have assumed it. But I must say people were good in a way because I was busy." Dean then went over details of the last Hunt demand for money and the payment of it by Mitchell. Either the President was being ingenuous or he has a terrible memory. Two days earlier in his April 14 conversation with Haldeman and Ehrlichman, the subject of payments had been gone over repeatedly.

On April 27, 1973 the question of money came up again, this time in a conversation with Petersen, during which Mr. Nixon expressed concern over reporters' questions about presidential involvement. Petersen got an even shorter version of the extensive March 21 money discussion. The President said: "the second point to remember is 'how are you going to get the money for them?' If you could do it, I mean you are talking about one million dollars." Mr. Nixon then admitted talking about channeling the funds through a Cuban committee, but gave it a new twist: "you

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couldn't put it through" such a committee—the opposite of what he had said on March 21. The President then told Petersen: "to me [Dean] was sounding so damned ridiculous. I said, 'well under the circumstances,' I said, 'there isn't a damn thing we can do.' I said, 'it looks to me like the problem is sue John Mitchell.' " Neither of the latter remarks was made by Mr. Nixon on March 21, but Petersen did not know that.

The President concluded by telling Peterson: "Mitchell came down the next day and we talked about executive privilege. Nothing else. Now, that's the total story." It was far from the total story, even as the President knew it. In his long talks with Haldeman and Ehrlichman it had been mentioned several times that Mitchell had come down on March 22 and told them Hunt had been taken care of—the money had been passed. On April 17, 1973 for example, in a conversation among the President, Haldeman and Ehrlichman, the President, referring back to March 21, had to ask Haldeman, "I didn't tell [Dean] to go get the money did I?" Haldeman reassured him that he hadn't and that he, too, had not told Dean to pay off Hunt. Haldeman did report that Dean was told to "talk to Mitchell. This is something you've got to work out with Mitchell. . . ." A few moments later on April 17 discussion turned to what subsequently happened and the President, himself, recalled the details. "I suppose then we should have cut—shut it off 'cause later on you met in your office and Mitchell said, 'That was taken care of.' " Ten days later the President told Petersen a substantially different story. Was it memory failure or a part of a cover-up that was still being played out?

The released transcripts, limited as they are, do permit some important conclusions to be drawn about the role of the President. They first illustrate several times over that Mr. Nixon did not think bugging Democratic headquarters was much of a crime. "Shouldn't we be trying to get intelligence? Weren't they trying to get intelligence from us?" the President mused in February 1973. The lack of recognition that bugging for political purposes is a serious crime was part and parcel of a general incapacity to appreciate that Watergate was a serious political problem from the start. Mr. Nixon was, however, careful to keep himself insulated from damaging facts as they unfolded. In the September 15, 1972 transcript Dean emphasized that the Watergate affair "has had no effect on [the President]." To which Haldeman added, "No, it has been kept away from the White House and of course completely from the President." In his March 13, 1973 conversation with Dean, it is the President who suggests, "But the President should not become involved in any part of this case. Do you agree with that?" Of course Dean agreed, as he did later in that same discussion when Mr. Nixon said that Watergate "will be somewhat serious but the main thing of course is also the isolation of the President." It is Dean who told Mr. Nixon on April 16: "I have tried all along to make sure that anything I passed to you myself didn't cause you any personal problems." Dean was not the only one who tried. The transcripts show that presidential isolation was discussed as a basic part of the Nixon-Haldeman-Ehrlichman strategy. When was that strategy initially devised? On June 20, 1972? That should be the first question for the impeachment inquiry before getting on to "what did the President know?"

Walking the Long Road to the White House

Jackson's Bid

by Stanley Karnow

Henry Martin "Scoop" Jackson, the senator from Washington, is colorless even by the drab standards of Capitol Hill. He lacks Fulbright's intellect, Sam Ervin's wit or Humphrey's ebullience, and I can testify, having witnessed crowd reactions to his oratory, that he has the charisma of a dentist. Yet he has emerged within recent months as the most powerful though not the most popular Democrat in the nation, and, in his typically prudent manner, he is slowly beginning to reach for the 1976 presidential candidacy. He is admired by George Meany and virtually every other labor baron, and he attracts such regional bosses as Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley as well as the party's national chairman, Robert Strauss, whose election he engineered. The Jewish community, which donates big money to Democratic contenders, is largely behind

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him, and he can count on help from several key industrial and financial titans. The polls show his popularity to be rising among white, middle-class suburban voters—the "unpoor, unblack, unyoung" who comprise what his adviser Ben Wattenberg calls the "real majority"—and there are signs that some liberals who denounced him as lately as a year ago are edging in his direction. He spoke up in Chicago the other day for Abner J. Mikva, a liberal who lost his House seat in 1972, and he appeared in Manhattan, early this month on behalf of Herman Badillo, the Bronx congressman who once shunned him as too conservative. Allard Lowenstein, another left-wing adversary who contemplated a move to Seattle to challenge him, has also switched. So has Paul O'Dwyer, the New York progressive who proclaimed a couple of years ago that Jackson was anathema to every "true Democrat." Meanwhile balancing this shift to portside, he appears to be receptive to a deal with George Wallace, and he is assiduously cultivating other Southern notables.

Jackson, who rarely allows wishful thinking to blur his calculations, candidly concedes that Edward Kennedy could have the nomination "for the asking," and most professionals agree with that prognosis. Underlying his long-range approach, however, is the apparent hope that Kennedy may eventually drop out for personal reasons or that the Democratic kingmakers, mindful of the public disgust with misconduct in high places, will ultimately balk at the prospect of a campaign that is bound to feature the Chappaquiddick catastrophe. These possibilities, Jackson estimates, would favor a paragon of honesty like himself. Thus he is, in rather subdued style, striving to mobilize the widest support, and in one important respect, current events have been unfolding to his advantage. The Middle East conflict and its aftermath have earned him some reputation for prescience, and his relentless Cold War attitudes, which not long ago seemed grotesquely anachronistic, have suddenly regained a measure of credibility.

Despite his hawkishness, Jackson is not an all-out, anti-Communist ideologue. He opposed funds for the House Un-American Activities Committee as a young congressman back in the late 1940s, and, after a bit of waffling, He fought Joe McCarthy. Sympathetic to the Communist Chinese (not unusual in a Westerner), he is ahead of President Nixon and Secretary of State Kissinger in advocating formal US recognition of their government at the expense of the Chiang Kai-shek regime on Taiwan. But with all this, the most consistent theme in Jackson's repertory over the years has been his distrust of the Soviet Union, whose leaders in his opinion are as implacably imperialistic today as Catherine the Great was two centuries ago. In short he perceives a Russian threat in historical and strategic rather than political and diplomatic terms, and this bias colors his thinking profoundly. Hence he insists that the Middle East war, which the Kremlin fueled, justified his warnings that the Nixon administration's policy of détente has been illusory, and he proceeds from there to blame the Moscow demon for a multitude of problems, skillfully calibrating his emphasis to suit his audiences. He tells farmers that Soviet encouragement for the Arab petroleum boycott is at the root of their oil shortages, and he explains to housewives that inflation is the result of the energy crisis indirectly caused by the Russians. His pleas for tighter reins on Soviet trade are pitched to workers wary of their jobs, and his admonitions against US investments in Russia are aimed at businessmen concerned about preferential credit arrangements. He urges American Jews to back him because he stands in the forefront of the struggle to boost Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union, and his vocal defense of Russian dissenters like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov, both of whom have praised his efforts, is designed to earn him applause from intellectuals. His demands for a stronger US defense against a potential Soviet menace not only increase his stature within the influential military establishment, but they strike a chord with defense contractors whose sway is considerable around the country. The Soviet specter and its implications therefore serve to promote Jackson among a range of citizens. Both his disciples and critics concur, though, that his toughness is not contrived. "What worries me most about Scoop is his sincerity," says a senior Democratic functionary. "Nixon was an opportunist capable of change, but Jackson is a true believer, a zealot, whose rigidity could land us in real trouble."

But even if he is not swept toward the White House on a wave of renewed Cold War sentiment, Jackson is certain to remain what he has been for years—one of the most effective operators in the Senate. He owes his authority to a variety of factors. Not the least of them is his personality.

Jackson seems to overcompensate for his basically prosaic endowments by a combination of rigorous discipline and hard labor, as I observed traveling with him to rural Mississippi and Omaha a few weeks ago. Wasting neither time nor motion, he plunged into work the minute he took his airplane seat, checking the background of the places he would visit, briefing himself on the people he would meet, and going over his speeches. He kept up the pace, and within 24 hours he had delivered three addresses, held two press conferences, conferred with dozens of local dignitaries and shaken hundreds of hands even though he was suffering throughout the excursion from a stomach bug that periodically sent him sprinting to the toilet. Hardly had he returned home, still feeling ill, than he rushed up to New York to talk at a luncheon. Such frequent trips, most of them short weekend hops, do not disrupt his Senate routine. Last year he spoke in 27 states but was recorded on all except two roll-call votes. His drive is reinforced by his devotion to his

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job. First elected to the House in 1940, he married only 13 years ago at the ripe age of 49 because, as he put it, he was "too busy." His wife, a former Senate receptionist, understands the pressure, and Jackson continues to spend long hours in his office, paying attention to the smallest details. While admitting that he does too much himself, he proudly asserts that "there's no substitute for mastering the facts." In contrast to many congressmen who try to cover a huge array of subjects becoming dilettantes in the process, Jackson concentrates on a handful of mainstream issues such as national security, energy and environment, and has attained a degree of expertise in each. As a consequence he is esteemed even by colleagues who dislike him. One rival describes him as a case of "strength through dedication," and an administration official who often grapples with him nevertheless concedes that he is "the most substantive guy on the Hill." His major shortcoming, those who transact with him point out, is his reluctance to compromise. "He always wants to win," a Senate aide complains, but Jackson considers the trait a virtue. "Once I make a decision I don't cave in easily," he told me, adding the platitude that "if you're respected you can disagree without being disagreeable." Jackson, though aggressive, is never discourteous. Some time ago, during a bitter floor debate, he paused to remind an opponent that his slashing attacks contained "nothing personal."

With more than three decades behind him as a legislator, Jackson has positioned himself in the Senate's vital committees, and these are the levers of his power. The Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, which he has headed since 1963, is an efficient log-rolling mechanism, and through it Jackson is said to exercise control over such associates as Alaska's Sen. Mike Gravel, whose dovishness he scorns. Jackson has used the committee to initiate legislation like the National Environment Policy Act, which established the country's first real environment goals, and it has also created national parks and improved the lot of Indians. Ecologists have been disappointed, however, by his efforts to win approval for such projects as the Supersonic Transport, which would have meant employment at Seattle's Boeing plant, the Amchitka Island nuclear test, which he considered essential to national security, and the Alaska pipeline, which he regards as necessary to meet US oil requirements. Jackson's subordination of the environmental question to jobs, defense and energy is a clue to his scale of priorities, and he has lashed out at "radical extremists" who would have him alter them. The Armed Services Committee and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, his two other principal groups, are crucial to Jackson's grip on military matters. They not only give him a strong voice in defense but he maneuvers through them to tilt foreign policy more significantly than if he belonged to Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee. In June 1970, when Fulbright was holding up a foreign aid bill over Vietnam that would also provide Israel with arms, Jackson steered an amendment to the Defense Procurement Act through the Armed Services Committee, and, as a result, succeeded in authorizing a $500 million sale of Phantom jet fighters and other equipment to the Israelis. That gesture, among others, won him tremendous acclaim in Israel and among American Jews. Jackson has been relying as well on the Armed Services Committee as a platform from which to modify the Nixon administration's attempts to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union on the limitation of strategic weapons. Compared to other congressmen he is encyclopedic on the subject, and his ability to swing the legislature worries and wearies the most senior administration officials. "Kissinger is afraid of me," Jackson boasts, and the Secretary's fears, if they exist, are likely to rise with the predicted defeat of his main Senate ally, William Fulbright, in the Arkansas primary next week. A case of whisky to celebrate the event stands in the corner of one of Jackson's offices.

If the Interior and Armed Services Committees are Jackson's launching pads, his laboratory is one of the Senate's lesser known yet most dynamic bodies, the permanent investigations subcommittee of the Government Operations Committee. Joe McCarthy, who once ran it, deployed the subcommittee for his witch-hunts. Jackson, his successor as chairman, depends on its staff of 40 researchers and secretaries to amass and analyze information that can underpin legislation or serve as bargaining chips with other senators. The group is nothing less than his private intelligence agency. Its boss, Dorothy Fosdick, is a diminutive facsimile of Gertrude Stein, who brandishes immense authority behind the scenes as Jackson's chief adviser on foreign and defense affairs. The daughter of the late Harry Emerson Fosdick, the eminent Protestant theologian, she served on the State Department's Policy Planning Committee under George Kennan and quit in the early 1950s to join Jackson. Erudite and articulate, she seems like the senator to hark back to the days when internationalism meant the worldwide extention of US power. "Détente is far from reconciliation, so in a sense we are still waging the Cold War," she explains. Her deputy, Richard Perle, is a bright young bachelor who was a protégé of Albert Wohlstetter, the Rand Corporation strategist. As tireless as Jackson himself, Perle conceives legislation, roams around academic circles, keeps in touch with the Jewish community and negotiates with other Senate aides, several of whom resent his brashness. Jackson also consults scholars like Wohlstetter, economist Walter Heller, the Harvard Soviet specialist Richard Pipes and Bernard Lewis, the British expert on the Middle East. It is no secret that Jackson has sympathizers inside the administration. One of them, Seymour Weiss, who managed the State Department's Bureau of Political-Military Affairs, was recently transferred,

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and the move was taken to indicate that Kissinger had switched from appeasing to defying Jackson. When I asked Jackson who would be Kissinger's replacement if he made it to the White House, he initially dodged the question by saying that "there are lots of good people around." Then he quickly singled out Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, whom he considers a compatible hard-liner on national security. "He's one of the most brilliant men in Washington," Jackson said. "I want everyone around me to be smarter than I am. I don't want any sycophants."

A high Senate official who doubts that Jackson will ever fulfill his presidential aspirations submits that he is fundamentally a Capitol Hill operator who is less effective at communicating with the public than at overwhelming his congressional counterparts. But as a legislative commander, the official argues, Jackson may be the most formidable Senate figure since Lyndon Johnson. He can line up 20 senators to co-sponsor an amendment without disclosing its contents, and, assisted by his aides, he is capable of organizing an offensive of telegrams, telephone calls, constituents' mail and lobbyist activity large enough to rally others behind him and exert real pressure on the President.

Jackson mounted such a campaign through the summer of 1972, when he sought to influence the interim accord limiting strategic weapons with the Soviet Union, then facing approval by Congress. The agreement irritated Jackson for several reasons. Instinctively suspicious of any accommodation with the Kremlin, he could recall his prophetic warnings against Soviet weapons development in the 1950s, and, too, he remembered his success in persuading President Kennedy to build safeguards into the Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty. He was evidently annoyed that, having hailed his earlier fight to win endorsement for the anti-ballistic missile system, the administration had turned around to sign a deal with the Russians that virtually scrapped that program. Although Kissinger and others pledged that the accord on offensive arms gave Moscow no comprehensive advantages, Jackson contended that a future permanent agreement must guarantee each side numerical equality in intercontinental forces, and he drafted an amendment to that effect. Administration experts and congressional backers feared that such an amendment would reduce US negotiating flexibility, and Jackson girded for a battle on the issue. But the White House surrendered before the opening salvo was fired, thereby confusing its supporters. It was an election year, and, aware of Jackson's hostility to George McGovern, the President preferred the appeasement route. Mr. Nixon was also reluctant to alienate Jackson, who had consistently gone along with his Vietnam and his Pentagon programs. The Jackson codicil therefore passed with the administration's blessings.

That was not the end of the story. Jackson had expressed displeasure with the disarmament negotiators, calling them incompetent and uninformed, and he let it be known that he wanted a fresh team. Accordingly, with the exception of Paul Nitze, an old friend of his from the Truman era, they were all either fired from the government service or transferred to minor assignments. Jackson denies that he demanded the dismissals, and sources close to him claim that Kissinger, anxious to gain congressional backing and simultaneously to protect himself against charges of weakness, instructed Gen. Alexander Haig, then his deputy, to carry out the purge. Another version has it that H. R. Haldeman, working through the White House's legislative liaison staff, directed the sackings in order to obtain Jackson's cooperation for the Trident submarine project. Jackson did support the accelerated program to construct the submarine, and its base, originally scheduled for the Atlantic coast, will be located in the state of Washington. But neither this Byzantine episode nor the passage of his amendment has led Jackson to soften his views on the weapons agreement. "It was a disaster," he says.

His display of muscle on the disarmament issue is currently being repeated in his present drive to prevent the administration from granting either credits to the Russians or lifting discriminatory tariffs on Soviet trade until the Kremlin leaders permit a larger number of Jews to emigrate. The controversy, which the administration might have resolved through subtle tactics two years ago, has since ballooned to such political proportions that the oppressed Soviet Jews seem to have been eclipsed by the assorted disputes. It has become a test of Jackson's clout on Capitol Hill and a measure of his relationship with the White House as well as a barometer of his reputation within the Jewish community. And it is challenging the congressional influence of both the President and Kissinger, along with their credibility with Soviet Communist leader Brezhnev, who must also be having difficulties explaining to his equivalent of Scoop Jackson that détente is alive and well. Indeed so acute are Soviet sensitivities on the subject that the Kremlin, apparently convinced that it can teach the White House a thing or two, is dispatching a high-level delegation to Washington this week to lobby for commercial relaxation.

The idea of expanded trade between the US and the Soviet Union originated during the President's visit to Moscow in 1972. According to an agreement that followed, each nation would lower its tariffs reciprocally. The tariff question was minimal, since 80 percent of Soviet exports to the US already enter duty-free. But credits are important; the Russians want to import American technology with low-interest financing. These technicalities, however, aroused congressmen less at the time than an idiotic Moscow decision to impose a stiff tax on Jews seeking to leave the Soviet Union. New York's Sen. Jacob Javits assailed that decision publicly, but he hesitated to suggest retaliatory

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actions that might thwart Kissinger's diplomacy or embarrass the President in an election year. Jackson was less delicate. With Perle driving his steamroller, he mobilized 76 senators behind an anti-Soviet amendment to a trade bill, and soon afterward Rep. Charles Vanik of Ohio produced a House version with 121 sponsors. Instead of proposing an alternative at that point, Mr. Nixon brushed aside the maneuver as a campaign gimmick, and Kissinger is said to have advised the Russians to keep calm. The Russians retreated a few months later and dropped their exit tax. Jackson, sensing weakness, stood fast. When the Middle East war erupted, a group of prominent American Jews visited him. Worried that the Russians might curb all Jewish emigration and take a tougher line on Israel, they hinted at a compromise. According to several accounts Jackson blew up and told them in effect that he represented Jewish interests better than they. Ashamed at appearing more passive than a Gentile, they departed. Meanwhile the House, stirred by the Middle East war, gave Jackson's trade amendment whopping approval, and it now sits in the Senate Finance Committee as the wrangle over its future continues.

Kissinger told the Finance Committee that he would recommend a presidential veto if the Jackson amendment remained intact. He also denounced Jackson before a closed Senate Foreign Relations Committee session the other day, warning its members that increased pressure on Brezhnev would force him to halt all Jewish emigration or face possible ouster by his hard-liners. The predictions fail to budge Jackson. During a talk with Kissinger not long ago, he reportedly insisted that the number of Jews permitted to quit Russia be triple the 35,000 allowed out last year, and that Soviet harassment of those applying to depart must be stopped.

When I questioned Jackson about his passionate defense of the Jews, he recalled that his mother had once pointed to a Russian Jewish junk peddler who lived in their hometown of Everett, Washington, telling him that "Jews have suffered throughout history and you must protect them." That concern was fortified following World War II, when Jackson saw the horrors of the holocaust at Buchenwald two days after its liberation. His public statements of the period and thereafter attest to his sincerity, and yet it seems to me that Jackson's affinity for Jews reflects a deeper strain in his make-up. Born to Norwegian immigrants of the kind depicted in Rölvaag novels, he exudes Old Testament qualities. He is plain, frugal, hard-working, stubborn, paternalistic toward his subordinates, and, I would imagine, vindictive toward his enemies. His sometimes foolish consistency could, as Emerson described the characteristic, be the hobgoblin of a little mind, or, to be more charitable, it could be the result of the narrowness of the congressional corridors in which he has passed most of his life.

In my estimation Jackson's position on Vietnam highlights his consistency at its most egregious. Like the Bourbons, who neither learned nor forgot anything, he continues to believe that he was correct in advocating bigger bombings and faster US troop commitments, and his criticism of Robert McNamara's "graduated response" doctrine makes the former Defense Secretary sound like a pacifist. Jackson still favors generous assistance to the Saigon regime, as his recent vote on the defeated supplemental aid bill indicated, because in his view the US has a "moral" obligation to South Vietnam's survival. But it is no surprise at this stage that Jackson should think in militaristic terms. The attitude is so ingrained that, when he argues for more liberal immigration policies, the model refugees he cites are the foreign scientists who built America's first nuclear arsenal. In respect to Jackson's national security proclivities, however, one myth worth puncturing is that he is "the senator from Boeing." Jackson has worked to win contracts for Boeing, as his efforts on behalf of the Supersonic Transport show, but he has been singularly unsuccessful. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, when Jackson's influence was high, Boeing failed to win a single major military contract, losing its bids to construct both the TFX fighter-bomber and the C-5A troop transport. Only the B-52 is a Boeing product, but it was manufactured at the company's Wichita, Kansas, plant. In 1971 Washington ranked 14th among states receiving Pentagon money, and its status roughly corresponded to its demographic place in the country. More accurately Jackson is out to win contracts for Grumman, Lockheed and Northrop as well as Boeing, because they represent the sort of defense spending he favors.

The consistency of Jackson's military views is apparent in his statements, which read the same whether they were issued yesterday or two decades ago. Here again he attributes his attitude to the experience of the Norwegians, whose wholesome environment and high living standards meant nothing when the "hobnail boot" of the German invader took over in 1940. The Soviet Union today bears a different image in Jackson's limited catalogue of metaphors. Seeking targets of opportunity, the USSR is the hotel burglar trying all the knobs to find an open door, and he, Jackson, is the house dick. He turned down the job of Defense Secretary, however, when President Nixon offered it to him in 1969. He figured that he could be more effective on the outside, and he was right. Some of his angriest critics laud his watchful doggedness in keeping the Nixon administration on its toes, but they shudder at the thought that, with him in the White House, all avenues to rapprochement with the Kremlin would be blocked and that the only path open would be a return to the futile hectoring of the past. Kindlier observers contend that he would mellow in office. At this juncture Jackson is walking rather than running for the presidency. His step is steady, but he has a long way to go.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir

(Phoenix)

Claudine

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

Le Petit Théâtre was made for French TV in 1969 and is just released here. It was written, produced and directed by Jean Renoir when he was 75. His "little theater" contains three playlets and a musical interlude, each of which is framed by a theater-proscenium introduction and the falling of a curtain at the end. A small puppet theater stands on a table, itself on the stage of a theater. Old Renoir stands next to the table and acts as *compère*. After his introduction to each piece, the camera moves "inside" the puppet theater and the playlet begins.

The first is based on a Hans Christian Andersen story, "The Last Christmas Dinner." An old hobo couple, husband and wife, dine happily in the snow on a capricious handout from rich people who are not happy, then the old pair go to sleep in each other's arms forever. The second, "The Electric Waxer," is an opera, with score by Joseph Kosma, in which grandiose music, including choruses, is affixed comically to a housekeeping crisis. Then comes the interlude—a song by Jeanne Moreau. Then comes the third and last playlet, "The King of Yvetot," which is the title of an old song about a lazy king. A wealthy old Provençal husband with an adoring young wife takes in a young doctor to live with them and shun work. The wife and the doctor become lovers; the husband, fond of both and too lazy to be angry, is reconciled to a cozy triangular existence.

The whole film is something of a bundle of reminiscences. One of Renoir's earliest films—*The Little Match Girl* (1928)—was based on Andersen and ends with smiling death in the snow. Some of these actors have worked with Renoir before, as has Kosma, and he has used the theater-frame device before. The old-fashioned feeling of the picture comes less from the absence of modern editing and camera dynamics than from deliberate return to passé points of view: the fairy-tale artifice of the first episode with obviously false snowflakes; the comic cinematic discomfort of large operatic gesture in the second episode. And the last episode returns to the warm South that figured so large in French films of the 1930s—Renoir's *Toni* but especially *The Baker's Wife* and *Harvest*, which were directed by the man who had produced *Toni*, Marcel Pagnol.

This reminiscent atmosphere in *Le Petit Théâtre* promotes a feeling of ease. It's a film made by a man who knows why he has chosen as he has and how to fulfill his choices. The picture feels almost as if it had been made before, as if it were a three-part play in a repertory and these actors were coming out to give yet another performance for a director whom they know well. Part of this feeling comes from the fact that some of them do know Renoir well, part from the fact that the picture belongs to a familiar Renoir vein, and part from the fact that, without any conscious fervent adherence to principle, Renoir now can't help making films like Renoir—stylistically more so than ever, one might say. For chief instance, the theater-curtain device emphasizes again—as do some formal devices like the opera chorus and the final bow of the cast—that the deep-focus method for which Renoir is celebrated is really the amalgam to cinema of theater dimensions.

The trouble with this ease of fabrication is that now we see it as fabrication of another sort. The film's first episode deals with two deaths, the second with two deaths, the third with humiliation swallowed, and all this is treated as material for a gently smiling work of life-accepting warmth. I don't argue that death and discomfort must necessarily be grim, but I get the feeling that Renoir in this vein could make a film in a cancer ward with one wistful tear and a Gallic shrug at the end. Every nation has self-images that it sells itself. In France one of the popular self-delusions is that they are all broad-minded and ruefully philosophical—*c'est la vie*, have a glass of wine, *mon ami*. Renoir is selling this rather hard throughout the film—to the French. Sad to relate, as he stood next to his too-cute puppet theater, he reminded me of the travel-poster Frenchiness that Maurice Chevalier also sold to the French. In the past the least interesting Renoir to me was the Gallic-charm vein: *Picnic on the Grass*, *Boudu Saved from Drowning*. Much more interesting was the serious vein: *La Grande Illusion*, *Rules of the Game* (which is not meant to charm), *The Crime of Monsieur Lange*. His last film—though he's still with us, it must be his last—is a valentine to his lesser self.

It contains one notably good, even courageous moment: Jeanne Moreau's *belle époque* song. She stands facing us, in costume, on a stage, and sings. (A fairish song.) The camera moves in and out once in a while but never changes angle. Moreau simply stands and sings. Not a movement, not a gesture; she stands and delivers. What composure. What command.

On with sentiment. *Claudine* is a sentimental pleasure in itself and, when seen in larger context, a serious pleasure. The script by Tina and Les Pine is a Rock Hudson-Doris Day comedy-romance, updated and modified to be done by black people in New York. He is a free-living garbage man, she is a welfare mother (secretly working as a housemaid) who has six children. You know they are going to have their ups and downs and will eventually get together: the test of the entertainment is whether one enjoys the ups and downs and wants them to get together. I did.

It's made up to date by letting the couple have an affair which they think is going to be only an affair until they

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Conrack. Jon Voight scintillates in pleasant piece of sentiment about a white teacher in a Southern black school.

The Conversation. Electronic bugger gets involved in the results of his work. Some vacancies but authentic and finely made.

The Exorcist. Fiendishly ugly, fiendishly clever.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson hot in a cool parable of the peacetime navy.

SK

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The Faith of Graffiti
documented by Mervyn Kurlansky and Jon Naar
text by Norman Mailer

(Praeger; $14.95, $7.95 paper)

With that noisily self-effacing gesture that has come to be the signature of his journalistic pieces, Norman Mailer styles himself in this photo-essay collaboration "A-I." "A" for "Aesthetic," "I" for "Investigator." But "I" for Mailer is also the Roman numeral, number one, the both suggesting the doric purity of Mailer's favorite persona. So "A" can also stand for "Advertisements" and "I" for "Myself," the book by means of which Mailer spraypainted his name over the grey literary scene of the '50s—for what are graffiti but advertisements for oneself? Mailer is not here discussing the obscenities on lavatory walls, but the "names," the coded signatures that erupt from aerosol bombs to bring color into the darkness of subway tunnels, the artwork of an underground pseudopolis of picaros and ragazzi.

There is in this regard yet another meaning to be found in Mailer's "A-I," for "A-No-1" was the signature of a fabulous hobo who flourished in the railyards and jungles at the turn of this century, his logos chalked on water towers, fences, freight cars and railroad buildings across America, along with "Cincinnati Slim" and "Oklahoma Kid," those regional monikers that signaled the rise of indigent mobility. Among these many A-No-1 was Lord of the Jungle, top dog of the underdogs, his fame advertised to the sons of wealth and power rolling past in parlor cars and Pullman. So with the signatures gathered here, more colorful, yes, but expressions of the universal desire to put one's name on things that is (as Mailer demonstrates) endemic to the artistic impulse—the imposition of ego on inert material. That "A-No-1" is also a merchandising term, that the logos of many a slum kid has the visual resonance of a registered trademark, only reinforces the essentially anarchistic impulse of art.

"Graffiti" is an Italian diminutive of "graffio," the mark made by a Roman stylus in wax. There are Latin graffiti preserved at Pompeii, like the human shadows etched on the walls of Hiroshima, the impress of anonymous passers-by into eternity. Mailer alludes to the cave paintings of prehistoric man, ochres and umbers worked into abstract shapes of beasts with mysterious perhaps shamanic purpose, but unreligious were the graffiti inked into the margins of medieval manuscripts by monkish scribes—miniscule complaints of boredom and cold—that froze momentary emotions in the amber of mellowing vellum. Walls, of cave or chronicle, are for venting one's spleen on, the spattering of the ego against the blank surface of the world. Whether intentionally or not, it is a religious act, as the ghetto kid named Cay intuits, his "name"—his signature—"the *faith* of graffiti," an expression of the Dionysos within us all.

Explorers sailing up unknown rivers of North America came across Indian paintings on the rocks of the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi. Now every rural town in America with an exposed wall-rock has a seasonal canvas of conventional slogans and signatures—fraternal, hometeam, "Mike-loves-Barb" sentiments. But what Mailer is describing, and what the sensuous, color photographs of Naar and Kurlansky demonstrate to perfection, is quite another phenomenon, not the imposition of whitewash and linear letters on the multi-chrome, curving shapes of nature, but the reverse. Here, curliques creep up the walls of urban America like vines, attempting through incandescent da-glo paint to reclaim those whited sepulchres to life, "the expression of tropical peoples" erupting "biologically as though to save the sensuous flesh of their inheritance from a madamization of the psyche, save the blank city wall of their unfed brain by painting the wall over with the giant trees and petty plants of a tropical rain-forest."

As "A-I" also observes, however, those "vines" are transplanted from the squiggly neon world of the city, the bubbling and ballooning letters also imitating the explosive graphics of "head" comics, the calligraphy of junk. Still it is the effect that counts, and one of these photographs captures the effect marvelously, a picture of an overpass (or is it an underpass?) where the flat blank entablature of concrete is covered with writhing scrawls up to a certain point, where an invisible line is imposed by the limitations of human height, like the tree-line on a mountain beyond which nothing green can grow, the rest a uniform granite grey. So the line finally wins, the rising tide of color stopped along an exact parallel to the linear configuration of the curb and centerstripe. And so, likewise, the many egos converge into an indecipherable mass of calligraphic codes, yet another manifestation of urban malaise, a babble of sounds drowning out each individual voice.

When God wished to warn Belshazzar of his impending destruction, He chose a wall to write large upon, and "A-I" here hints that he is a Daniel, come to read the writing for the King—John Vliet Lindsay. Moving from an interview with a group of shy, boastful graffitos in a slum apartment to an appointment with Lindsay in Gracie Mansion, Mailer accomplishes a marvelous tour de force of perception, comparing the linear purity of the mayor's Federalist palace to the vision of the founders, its architecture mirrored in the pure architectonics of the Constitution: "Perhaps the economy of balance is the true god of the Wasp." Mailer wonders what he might have done about the graffiti problem had he been elected mayor. It would not, certainly, have been what Lindsay did, which was to mount a campaign of erasure and arrest, an expression of outrage over the defacement of his immaculate monuments. Lindsay, as Mailer observes, fits perfectly into the setting of Gracie Mansion, even his bad teeth part of the Federalist image (George Washington giving shy Mona Lisa smile for similar reasons). And Lindsay is incapable of understanding the meaning of the writing on the wall, his concern with ghetto problems stopping short of encouraging these anarchistic expressions of ego, defilement that he equates with "unbalance," libidinal counterthrust to the great Federalist vision.

Well, if the god of the WASP is balance, the god of the Jew is judgment, Mailer reading the writing on the wall as "the herald of some oncoming apocalypse . . . sounding now like the bugles of gathering armies across the unseen ridge." Mailer has increasingly over the past 10

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years assumed the robes of the prophet, a garment comfortable also on the shoulders of those original WASPs, the alliterative Mathers, and he has likewise assumed the pose and rhythms of those sons of the Puritans, Henry Adams and William Faulkner. From Mather to Mailer (by way of Melville) the message of American literature has often been "Doom," which for Faulkner was an amalgam of "D'Homme," as Calvinist a logos as one could wish. And for much American literature the age-old struggle between the Dionysian force—that rising, advancing, curvilinear expression called the frontier—and the rigors of Apollonian balance—law and order—has been a central issue, call it redskin vs. paleface or what you will.

It is a struggle that the Constitution was designed to accommodate, the founders knowing full well the destruction that unchecked force could wreak, be it the tyranny of the king or the mob. But when the mechanism of accommodation jams, when the line imposes itself with immovable rigidity on the riotous frieze of released egos, then destruction will come, but not as an eruption from below. As that overpass demonstrates, the law of line has the advantage in our technological culture. Mailer may harken with a prophetic ear to the sound of bugles beyond the ridge, but when the army appears it will not be his army of the night but the armies of the day clad in blue and gold, the army of Apollo. When the line becomes a rod of punishment, the blow comes from above, not below, and it will not come from the likes of John Lindsay. Mailer has read the message backward, and to the wrong king. The monarch he should seek lives in a Western not an Eastern house, bought with the profits from the sale of aerosol bombs, bombs whose monochrome reds, whites and blues explode harmlessly against the walls of a region the king never visits. Nor will he, I think, let "A-I" past the door to ruminate on the meaning of pseudo-Spanish architecture to the decline of the Federalist ideal, to ponder the relation of ersatz adobe to the babble of barrio voices from below.

John Seelye

Coming

Stanley Weintraub
reviews six books
on Churchill

Connections

Earthwalk
by Philip Slater

(Doubleday; $7.95)

Philip Slater is one of the most acute critics of liberal individualism writing today. Not since Jules Henry has a social analyst combined theoretical rigor with tough, ironic realism the way Slater does. Like his *The Pursuit of Loneliness*, Slater's new book, *Earthwalk*, connects aspects of social reality which are systematically broken by the rhetoric of individualist "freedom." Those who know his previous writings will recognize in this new book the central issues that have occupied him (and us) for more than a decade: the psychological sources of our obsession with technology; the narcissistic origins of our addiction to social mobility; the collective deceptions behind our belief that "new programs" can foster genuine, and not merely superficial, social change. What makes Slater a vital social analyst is his unrelenting insistence that our "virtues" and our "achievements" remain inextricably bound up with our failures, defeats and social denials.

There is nothing unique about Slater's analysis. He is refreshingly free from the arrogance of authors who think that *their* book will initiate a new social trend. "If a thought occurs to me, at a given time in a given culture, about the defects and limitations of that culture," Slater realizes that "it is occurring to others as well, since it impinges on all of us in common ways, albeit to different degrees." He recognizes that books "are expressions, not causes, of social change." *Earthwalk* borrows from Norman O. Brown, Herbert Marcuse, Gregory Bateson, Wilhelm Reich and many other modern intellectuals, a fact that matters only to those who treat ideas as private property. Slater's social analysis includes elements of Marcuse's critical theory without evaporating into idealist abstraction, and elements of Brown's critique of willful action without lapsing into social mysticism. To his credit Slater never advocates walking around unarmed on a battlefield: "I would advise anyone concerned with longevity against seeking a return to the paradisical condition so long as there are any beings like us in the immediate neighborhood."

In *Earthwalk* Slater extends his diagnosis of the pathologies at the root of Western, and especially American achievements. In the course of his diagnosis the vaunted virtues of liberal culture are exposed as the sources of massive misery, psychological impoverishment and brutal environmental destruction. Courage, perseverance, rectitude, self-reliance, impartiality—all the characteristics rewarded in our dominant culture as the ethical and psychological basis for our most "progressive" achievements, are also the source of warfare, social disconnection, and our splendidly developed capacity for inflicting pain on ourselves and suffering on others. Slater sees the dilemmas that cling to this fact. If it is true, then "there is absolutely no way to keep the goodies and toss away the evils—it's a package deal and we will make no headway whatsoever so long as we try to evade this fact." If it is true that the greatest human accomplishments of our civilization grow from the same morbid source that makes war inevitable, then clearly no amount of liberal reform will extricate us from the social and psychological dilemmas we re-create every day.

Liberal rhetoric that glorifies "the unique individual" happily provides the ideological legitimation for this devastating state of affairs. "No word has ever done heavier labor in the service of mystification than 'freedom,'" Slater writes. The mythologies of possessive individualism remain the source of our basic pathologies:

> *The notion that people begin as separate individuals, who then march out and connect themselves with others, is one of the most dazzling bits of self-mystification in the history of the species.*

Institutionalized in our civil and political bureaucracies, endlessly exploited in the mass media, and defended across the spectrum of official political postures, individualist social ideology serves the power of the centralized state and commits us to a hopeless quest for omnipotence. The private fantasies on which this public morbidity rests are shot through with narcissism, that is, self-aggrandizement, or in the current jargon of self-proclaimed "humanists," "self-actualization." Every "unique individual" wants his image cast in bronze. Psychologically there is no difference whatever between a President's "need" for honor, an author's "need"

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for a Nobel Prize, a general's "need" for military victories, and a schizoid child's "need" to plug himself into a socket, except perhaps that the child might respond to therapy. What we do need, in Slater's words, is to "deracinate the narcissistic cancer that has implanted itself at the core of Western civilization."

Against the liberal enthusiasts for "the unbound Prometheus," Slater argues that modern technology represents the materialized fantasies of narcissistic individuals who imagine that pleasures can be obtained through mastery. Technology manifests the narcissistic need to extend oneself into the environment in a linear way. This tendency to give material rather than interpersonal form to psychic impulses constitutes, in Slater's view, "the single greatest threat to our species." On the perverse assumption that greater "freedom" can be acquired by substituting technological for interpersonal realities, writers like Toffler capitalize on technological change as if it had an autonomous logic of its own to which we, the presumed beneficiaries, must learn to adapt. But how are we to "adapt" to instruments which confer their "benefits" only at the expense of social pathology and individual isolation?

Modern medical technology provides one clear case in point. The mechanistic vision of the body behind the "miracles" of modern medicine has helped to prolong certain individual human lives, but it has not made us a healthier people than primitives who rely on much simpler but ecologically sounder remedies. Those who argue that the fault lies in "the delivery system" are right, of course, but not as right as they may think. They fail to see that the definition of disease is itself a social fact, and that modern medicine is designed to diagnose and treat only certain social facts and not others. As long as we remain committed to schizoid forms of ideation, we will continue to treat the body as a mechanism that can be dissociated from the rest of a person and from the social environment in which he exists. Organ transplants, prosthetic limbs, techniques to manipulate genetic makeup—these represent medical "advancements" only on the Frankenstein trajectory we now ride with so much self-congratulatory enthusiasm.

In relation to technology, modern medicine and the entire web of "progressive" instruments we so carefully and expensively nurture, Slater adopts neither a luddite nor a utopian attitude. Obviously these are not "problems" for which we can find a "solution." In the face of deep-rooted psychological investments in our own pathology, political radicals often act as if we could extirpate whole hunks of social reality by an act of will. They make up in theoretical consistency what they lack in social and psychological perception. *Earthwalk* is important reading for the Left not least of all because Slater is less ambitious. "We must simply accept the proneness to schizoid ideation that is part of the human condition," he writes, "and try to isolate those patterns that engender the kind of full-blown pathological eruption in which we now live." Slater's analysis is a compelling example of the kind of *relational* thinking we need to learn if we want to understand our social condition.

The dynamics of the nuclear family are at the center of the matrix of social relationships *Earthwalk* analyzes. Socially mobile "high achievement" individuals are produced in the pressurized environment of the constricted modern family. There, as children, we learn to value single, highly charged, "romantic" relations over more diffused but more reliable ones. As a class structure, the nuclear family allows movement from childhood to adult status on the condition that we not violate the incest taboo and that we strive after distant and symbolic as against immediate and bodily satisfactions. As a caste system the nuclear family allows women to achieve social mobility only through men. The entire apparatus of the nuclear family works like an engine to produce detached individuals whose self-induced emotional scarcities drive the machines of the "free enterprise" system.

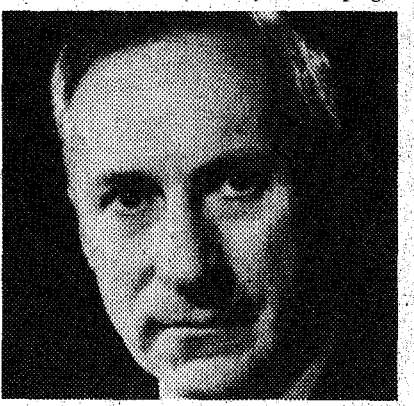
The women's movement has emerged to challenge all this. Slater's theory of the dynamics of social change is exemplified by the appearance of the women's movement at this historical moment:

> *The women's movement emerged in the West when the social significance of women in the culture had reached its lowest point in history—when women were excluded from valued occupations, isolated from each other, frequently uprooted by their mobile spouses, and even had their domestic tasks reduced to triviality by technology. This process, whereby the intensification of some social form leads*

"...there is not a scintilla of evidence in the constitutional records...to authorize executive withholding of any information from Congress." page 59.

"The Nixonian rationale for his freshly minted claims of privilege again illustrates that the appetite for power grows by what it feeds on." page 255.

"The steady expansion of executive privilege...imperils our democratic system. It is therefore the concern of everyman." page 372.



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directly to its opposite, I call social eversion.

"Social eversion" is Slater's term for real as opposed to programmed social change. It's a fruitful idea, full of important implications for social action. For if Slater is right, and I think he is, then "most of our social problems would be better solved by negative action than positive action; that is to say, they would cease to exist were we to stop rewarding people for creating them." If it is true that "the cures for our worst social ailments are already present," then positive programs to mobilize new energies will only exacerbate the problems they are meant to remedy. We need to unlock or take advantage of energy that is already present.

Slater's concept of social eversion, like other dialectical social insights, has its dangers. It can be taken as a pretext for passivity shrouded in cosmic optimism, in the belief that society heals itself in the end. Even Slater, I think, at moments in this book overstates the idea, as if God were alive as a great "feedback loop too extensive to perceive." But in a book as rich in social insights as *Earthwalk* is, even the exaggerations might turn out to be true.

Albert Schwartz

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Conversationalist

Seduction and Betrayal by Elizabeth Hardwick

(Random House; $6.95)

Elizabeth Hardwick is the voice of toughminded gentility. Intelligent, well-read and sympathetic, she has the wit of common sense. Unlike Mary McCarthy, with whom she's inevitably compared, she's felt no need to shock or ridicule. She inspires confidence because she seems just like the reader, a shade smarter perhaps, able to turn the commonplace into revelation, talking in someone's living room with an earnest casualness beyond personality. It's the quality most of us aspire to.

Hardwick is at her best (this book is subtitled *Women and Literature*) on the Brontes, on Zelda Fitzgerald and Sylvia Plath, on Dorothy Wordsworth and Jane Carlyle. Of Zelda she observes that "a few years back the interest lay in the tragic grandeur and glamour of her love story. Now I should think it rests entirely in the heroism of her efforts and the bitterness of her defeats. She was flawed and rich with liability, but we suddenly find ourselves discontent and more than a little resentful that this strange and valuable girl . . . had to endure unnecessary rebuffs and discouragements. . . ." Hardwick has, of course, just read Nancy Milford's *Zelda;* and we hear her trace alterations in her response from "a few years back" to "suddenly we find ourselves discontent." We have the illusion of watching how an intelligent person sensitively adapts, forms her opinions.

With Plath she achieves a remarkable balance, neither skeptic nor votary. Unsentimental and shrewd, she wonders what the suicide poems would be like were Plath living and middle-aged; and yet we detect no impulse to mock the poet as cult heroine. Unostentatiously she quotes enough from Plath's work to convince us that "to her fascination with death and pain she brings a sense of combat and brute force new in women writers." Hardwick conveys the energy of the poems and uses their precision and vitality to dignify the life.

On Dorothy and Jane, Hardwick is marvelous. Like Zelda they were talented women allied both for good and ill to more talented men. Although Dorothy might have written more had she not labored in William's kitchen, we probably would not look in her journal at all except that she was his sister. Moreover, we find there no revelations about William and his pals, nor do we even spy out a woman cramped by labors, by second place. We find scenery. How to give such a woman her due, exalted as muse by her brother, seen by de Quincey stammering and repressed. "Her dependency was so greatly loved and so desperately clung to that she could not risk anything except the description of the scenery in which it was lived." A shrewd and kind guess. Hardwick writes quite movingly of Jane Carlyle, also in terms of loss: literary "work could not truly build for the women a bulwark against the sufferings of neglect and the humiliations of lovelessness. The Victorian men . . . were spared these pinches of inadequacy, faltering confidence, and fears of uselessness."

When she writes simply of literature, Hardwick is less impressive. She is best on Ibsen's heroines because, I suspect, Nora and Hedda are *acted:* they become real women on stage. These pieces were first published, I recall, in the *New York Review of Books* after she saw New York productions of the plays, and although the local details have been purged from what are now essays rather than reviews, the sense of theater remains. We can imagine Hardwick just returned from the theater, puzzling over live character—what is Nora like? how is she revealed to us? how to act her? Again, it's earnest conversation among cultured folk.

But the most important quality of conversation is that it not be argument. It must never have an axe to grind. This is the limitation of gentility. The force of the title essay is blunted by a lack of systematic and directed analysis. Hardwick moves impressionistically from one work to another—*Clarissa* and *Don Giovanni* ("the most interesting seducers are actually rapists"), *Tess, The Scarlet Letter, An American Tragedy.* Although she doesn't discuss any modern fiction in which seduction and betrayal are important (the work of Oates or Lessing, for instance), or for that matter in which seduction and betrayal are conspicuously absent, she concludes with Zola's "Venus was rotting": sex is no longer a "tragic, exalted" theme. Not only is this assertion unproven in the associative progress of the essay, but I believe it rests on a limited idea of sex, on the restricting equation of sex with sexual intercourse, on "sex" as conver-

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sational euphemism, rather than on the functions of sexuality as they pervade life.

Such a narrow definition flaws a good chapter on the Brontes early in the volume. Of *Wuthering Heights*, "a virgin's story," we're told that "the love [Cathy and Heathcliff] feel for each other is a longing for an impossible completion" and almost immediately thereafter that "nothing . . . in the sexual life seems much to the point." First of all the "longing for an impossible completion" is directly related to ideas of romantic love especially as they are inculcated in young girls. Second, as Carol Ohmann points out in her fine essay on *Wuthering Heights*, the patterns of entrapment and escape in the novel have special relevance to the two Catherines as women.

In "Seduction and Betrayal" Hardwick's narrow view of sex and her conversationally casual mode make for a superficial and vague essay that unfortunately lends its title to an otherwise satisfying volume. One might convincingly claim, however, of Zelda and Dorothy and Jane that they were continually seduced and betrayed; the most interesting seducers are not the rapists.

Joan Joffe Hall

Earnest Banality

Democracy and Its Discontents: Reflections on Everyday America by Daniel J. Boorstin

(Random House; $5.95)

Not since John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon shared the reviewing stand at the 1961 Inaugural jamboree has a polished and clever mind been brought into such close proximity with earnest banality. Rarely have such tarnished platitudes been proven so immutably sound as in this latest Boorstin offering. *Democracy and Its Discontents*, plainly put, is banality *made* insight—very little more, but certainly no less.

Boorstin insists that it is not his purpose "to dispraise American Democracy"—the use of the upper case alone would dispel any doubts—"but rather to help prevent us from being disillusioned." That is to say he has no quarrel with traditional democratic political theory, but finds a great deal indeed to criticize in the manner in which lunatic expectations, hatched by the "rhetoric of democracy," have vulgarized contemporary concepts of government for the people, of the people and by the people. Those expectations, he is convinced, have turned us into a people beset by woes that are minor, even imaginary, and yet leave us chronically discontented and unhappy, as much at odds with ourselves as with whatever cabals in Washington and the 50 provincial capitals happen to be curtailing our liberties and filching our monies.

The radical cause underlying this inflation of our discontents is, in Boorstin's opinion, "overcommunication." Part of the problem is technological: the result of the proliferation of the media gadgetry that over the past century has deluged us with information, most of it fictitious and depressing. But more fundamental to an understanding of our present unhappy estate is a particularly appalling form of communication in whose service that gadgetry has been lavishly enlisted—advertising. The rise of mass-marketing foisted upon us the mass-advertising of commercial goods; the rise of universal manhood suffrage saddled us forever with the mass-advertising of political promises. Commercial advertising assured the citizenry that they both deserved and needed the commodities lasciviously pictured and described. Their elected representatives promised them that these things were indeed theirs by right and that an acquiescent grunt at the appropriate moment or, later, a ballot through the right slot would result in the popular distribution of desirables out of the windows of the Capitol.

When the average man in a democracy is given a promise by his elected superiors, he expects to see it materialize, preferably before he has forgotten it. Neither our commercial nor our political promissories, however, can produce to a degree commensurate with powerfully fanned expectations. And not only promises of material delights fall through. By its very nature, an ideal is forever unattainable, yet American democracy is founded upon ideals, all of them blowsily emotional, some of the most cherished self-liquidating. What for example, asks Boorstin, would be the outcome of a thoroughly successful reconciliation of the country's ethnic groups? Homogenization—unutterable dullness instead of rich variety.

The democratic promise—unreasonably interpreted—cannot be fulfilled. As Boorstin puts it, "Getting there is all the fun." Or, more soberly, "One of the most dangerous popular fallacies . . . is the notion that democracy is attainable." Technological problems admit of solution—their very existence generally *implies* one. But "in human history in the long run there are no solutions, only problems." "Every seeming solution is a new problem. When you democratize the speedy automobile and give everybody an automobile, the result is a traffic jam." That is perhaps a fact of life that a doctor of philosophy can face with equanimity, but for most plain people, weened on TV spots and other agents of political advertisement, such notions are jarring. On one level people want goods: on another and higher level they are genuinely distressed when something that they were led to believe in as morally desirable and ultimately attainable evanesces. Americans, Boorstin suggests, more than any other national group, are prone to scrutinizing and renovation of their national values. When their belief

"A provocative picture of one man's inner evolution from believer to fervent agnostic and civil libertarian."*

Some of my Best Friends are Christians

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

"The author of *American Freedom and Catholic Power* here brings together his essays written as a young minister and his views and attitudes toward Christianity, marriage, prayer, dying, salvation and moral concerns today. . . . The juxtaposition makes for stimulating reading."
—*Publishers Weekly $5.95

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in themselves and their institutions is unpleasantly shaken, they are quick to conclude either that democracy is a fraud and they themselves hypocrites, or both. Hence our present dyspepsia.

If *Democracy and Its Discontents* is to some degree banal stuff, that banality can be both explained and excused. The book is a reworking of the Cook Lectures that the author delivered in 1972 at the University of Michigan. Versions of the material were tailored to less august forums such as *Reader's Digest*, *TV Guide*, the Committee on Science and Astronautics of the United States House of Representatives, and the Republican National Platform Committee of 1972. Ideas tend to solidify in the mind as they are rearranged and rewritten, so that remodeling them for yet another presentation is often difficult indeed. This may explain the almost presidential rhetoric of the text.

But if the stylistic banalities of *Democracy and Its Discontents* require some apologies, the rather unexceptional ideas do not. Boorstin devotes much space to the "discontinuity" of present-day culture, by which he means the disjointedness between our daily experiences and those of our forebears. Modern communications systems are devoted to transmitting the immediate: "news" has come to be virtually synonymous with "information." People demand the "relevant," which is not the relevant at all but merely the topical. "We think that we are at the beginning and the end of the world"; "any social legislation that can't be solved instantly by money and legislation seems fatal." More, since "the notion seems to have got around that an impartial study of our national past will somehow stand in the way of our future, that the past is the enemy of progress," we have nothing more practical with which to compare our circumstances than "abstractions, baseless utopias." Tradition appears to be at best useless, at worst counterrevolutionary. Past ideas, assumptions and remedies are inapplicable to the contemporary mess. Hagridden by such delusions, we have evolved a culture that is as wholly "renovative" of itself, as much a hostage to the dictates of presumed obsolescence, as a line of Chevrolets.

The unhappy truth is that the intelligentsia, which shapes our aspirations, defines our goals, and devises our strategies for attaining them, is quick to scrap a previously revered postulate. Any theory—philosophical, esthetic, social or political—which claims its attention does so, not because it is practical but because it is intellectually stimulating. But there is nothing exciting in such trite observations as that democracy is not an end but a process, or that when every man has everything, nobody has anything. So such valuable truths go unsaid and unnoticed nowadays by our scriveners, who are usually our theoreticians as well. Boorstin, to his credit, has decided to trot out a few of these platitudes, and has made the banal intellectually refreshing. At least as important as his unoriginal remarks is the fact that today such things are greatly in need of saying. In the interests of common sense, then, a very good mind has resorted to the commonplace.

Chilton Williamson, Jr.

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Major Thinker

Frege: Philosophy of Language by Michael Dummett

(Harper & Row; $30)

Reading this book is a hard intellectual task, but by no means an unpleasant one if one cares about contemporary problems of philosophy. It is full of splendid arguments, of exceptional rigor and lucidity, but no more to be read as a casual diversion than, say, higher mathematics is, close on 700 pages of high-intensity prose, not to be rushed or skipped.

What can be said of general interest that will do anything like justice to the intentions of such a work, that will not reduce to triviality the scope and importance of the philosophical issues with which it deals? Not that much, I am afraid: this is a case in which a long book merits, strictly speaking, a short review. But it may be useful here to say something about the importance of the *subject* of the book. Gottlob Frege, it is safe to say, is known even as a name to comparatively few people outside mathematics, logic or philosophy. Yet a great deal of what is most characteristic—and most difficult—in philosophy in this century can be traced to him; his

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influence is altogether out of proportion to his popular reputation. Major thinkers as different as Bertrand Russell, Ludwig Wittgenstein and Edmund Husserl acknowledged their debt to him in their work.

Frege was by profession a mathematician, who spent his entire professional life at the University of Jena. He is known to us through his work, and the drama to which he belongs is not personal or domestic but intellectual. He is a philosopher's mathematician; his achievement in mathematics was to uncover a set of logical and philosophical problems in its foundations which, in spite of the best efforts of some generations of logicians since, remain in some important respects unresolved.

Frege was preoccupied with mathematics as a rigorously formal system in which the exactitude so easily attributed to the subject could be conclusively demonstrated. But although earlier logicians like Boole had made steps in the direction of formalization by arithmetizing simple logic, and although mathematicians for centuries had been producing elegant and convincing proofs, Frege found this domain riddled with intuitions and resting on shaky psychological foundations. He therefore tried to invent a language in which tight logical connections between sentences could be unambiguously expressed, and this he called *Begriffschrift*, "concept-writing." In the preface to the work of that name he describes the struggle necessary to suppress intuition and "keep the chain of inferences free of gaps."

Bourbaki, the collective French genius, remarks that even the modern mathematician almost never uses complete formalizations, relying on his "mathematician's flair" to assure him merely that such a formalization is possible in principle, since actually to carry it out would be endlessly tedious; but that it is possible even in principle is largely due to Frege. Frege compares his "ideography" (which we would now call a "notation") to the microscope, while ordinary language is like the eye: "Because of the range of its possible uses and the versatility with which it can adapt to the most diverse circumstances, the eye is far superior to the microscope. . . . But, as soon as scientific goals demand great sharpness of resolution, the eye proves to be insufficient."

The microscope is, Frege admits, useless for all everyday purposes. There is, therefore, not always much point in importing, into discussions of the functioning of ordinary language, considerations drawn from technical logic. One has the feeling at times in Dummett (as in many other contemporary philosophers) of the straining of bits of everyday discourse for the purpose of illustrating distinctions whose true significance lies not in the way *we* talk, with all its ambiguity and tolerance, but in the way mathematicians need to talk if they are to reflect in their language the spare and schematic exactitude of the entities with which they deal. And yet ordinary language has its own exactitude, and the point at which Frege's system came, provisionally at any rate, to grief is capable of expression in plain terms. The difficulty is known as Russell's paradox, because it was pointed out to Frege by Bertrand Russell (and is often supposed to have crushed him, an account to which Dummett provides a useful corrective). In an appendix to his *Fundamental Principles of Arithmetic* Frege writes, "Hardly anything more unfortunate can befall a scientific writer than to have the foundations of his edifice shaken after the work is finished. This was the position in which I was placed by a letter of Mr. Bertrand Russell. . . ." Frege had wished to identify the extensions of concepts with *classes*, but Russell showed, by the following example, that this notion was not sufficiently precise to guarantee against contradiction: If we form the concept "class that does not belong to itself"—an easy enough notion, since as Frege points out by way of illustration the class of men is not a man, hence does not belong to itself—the extension of this concept will be the class of classes that do not belong to themselves. If we now ask the innocent question, does this class belong to itself? we are trapped in a vicious circle of contradiction; for if it does, it doesn't, while if it doesn't, it does.

This result may not seem earthshaking, it may seem to be no more than a kind of linguistic parlor trick—indeed it is sometimes dressed up as such, in the paradox of the village barber: if the village barber shaves all and only those men in the village who do not shave themselves, does he shave himself? (The feminist dodge is ruled out.) But this brings me back to Dummett. For it matters little if the ordinary use of language lends itself to such tricks—we scratch our heads and are amused, but anticipate no difficulty with the real barber or the plumber or even the lawyer. But if its logical uses are infected then certain essentially philosophical pretensions of those disciplines may have to be abandoned, and this may have far-reaching consequences for other parts of philosophy, metaphysics, for example, necessitating a changed view of the kind of world we live in.

Now to a nominalist and materialist, like me, the loss of mathematical innocence and purity seems something less than a disaster; I am reminded of Lytton Strachey's remark in *Eminent Victorians* about Froude's loss of faith, which was "like the loss of a heavy portmanteau which afterwards turned out to have been full of brickbats." But to someone like Frege, and indeed to many logico-mathematical philosophers, the challenge is of the utmost gravity. So in this first of two volumes Dummett examines the formulation and the implications of Frege's philosophy of language—the philosophy of logic and mathematics proper is promised for a second volume. And he does this with a thoroughness that makes this book in its own right a major philosophical achievement.

If language *tout court* cannot be so organized, in its relation to what it is about, as to allow a clear understanding on the one hand of how to say things, and on the other hand of what we are saying, then mathematics is impossible. To get these things clear requires an analysis of the functioning of proper names, of assertion, of the notions of truth and of identity, and so on. These and similar topics provide the grist for Dummett's book, so that quite apart from the light he throws on Frege he enters into most of the interesting philosophical controversies now cur-

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ALBERT SCHWARTZ *is on the development faculty of Empire State College, New York.* JOAN JOFFE HALL *teaches English at the University of Connecticut at Storrs.* CHILTON WILLIAMSON, JR. *is an editor of St. Martin's Press.* PETER CAWS *is chairman of the department of philosophy at Hunter College.* JACKSON BOSWELL, *a fellow at the Folger Shakespeare Library, teaches English at the DC Teachers' College.* ETTA BLUM *has had verse printed in* Poetry, The Paris Review *and elsewhere.*

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rent in the domains of logical and linguistic theory in English-speaking circles, at any rate. The book cannot of course be summarized in a review, but two citations may illustrate the kinds of fact about language that Dummett deals in and the ease with which his vivid sense of example is brought into play. "If someone says, 'There is something which Wittgenstein was and Frege never was,' and, on being asked, 'What?', replies, 'A hospital porter,' he cannot further be asked, 'Which hospital porter was it that Wittgenstein once was, but Frege was not?'" This from a discussion of first-level and second-level generality; the next from a discussion of presently essential and presently accidental properties: "Thus it is a presently essential property of President Nixon that he is not a frog, or indeed that he is a human being: for it is ruled out that we should ever in the future correctly identify a frog, or anything other than a human being, as being the former President Nixon. . . . It is, on the other hand, an accidental property of President Nixon that he is not a circus clown. . . ." Dummett adds stylistic virtues to philosophical ones, and both are sustained at full strength throughout the book.

A comparison that has been forced on me in the course of my reading is one for which Dummett would no doubt cheerfully see me hanged, between his relation to Frege and Sartre's to Flaubert. For the possibility of what Frege tried to do, and the fact that he tried to do it, seem to be of great personal importance to Dummett—a fact that comes out most clearly, perhaps, in his long interpolated defense of Frege against some recent criticisms of his views by Saul Kripke. And as with Sartre and Flaubert, Dummett's involvement with Frege is of long standing—if one looks up "Frege" in the *Encyclopedia of Philosophy* one gets Dummett again. But the odd twist to the analogy is that Dummett had to interrupt his writing, as he recounts in his preface, to take up political work, because he "conceived it his duty to involve himself actively in opposition to the racism which was becoming more and more manifest in English life." That being said, it must be admitted that Sartre's Flaubert is already 2800 pages long, while Dummett's Frege is as yet only 700. But the disproportionality of length is more than compensated for by an inverse disproportionality of difficulty, so the balance is restored.

In short, this is a monumental book, as the English reviews were almost unanimous in suggesting. "Philosophy," said Alasdair MacIntyre in *The Observer*, "can never be quite the same again." That is too optimistic— a lot of philosophy will go on just as before, as for that matter a lot of it did after Frege himself. But it can be said of Dummett as of Frege—and it is as much, perhaps, as can be said of anyone—that the parts of philosophy that do change because of his book will almost certainly do so for the better.

Peter Caws

Clams & Gravel

Amy Vanderbilt's Everyday Etiquette

(Bantam; $1.95)

Apparently badly stung by my nasty comments on her *Etiquette* (*TNR*, April 29, 1971), the sales for which were so affected by that review that only two and one-half million copies have been sold thus far, Amy Vanderbilt has now issued a "practical," "basic" guide to what the man and woman on the street need to know about the conduct of their ordinary, daily life.

Everyday Etiquette is written in what might be called the Socratic method, questions she claims were submitted to her through her column in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It may well be: the questions have a kind of basic, down-to-earth ring:

> *When taking dictation must the book be placed on the lap of the stenographer, or is it quite proper to use the space on the boss's desk?*
>
> *Answer: It's certainly more convenient to put it on the desk and probably produces neater notes.*

It would be vulgar to suggest that the answer allows for all sorts of Peter Arno illustrations and variations on another possible, impractical placement of the secretary and her neat notes. But there is no denying that, right at the start of her book, Amy V. is "practical." Presented head-on with the dire predicament of someone who has discovered he has taken "spoiled food" into his mouth and wants to know if it is quite proper to spit it into his napkin, she is both severe in her response—and earthy:

> *Nothing, not even a bad clam, is ever spit, however surreptitiously, into a napkin.*

But she describes the conditions under which it *can* be spit, although she prefers the word "deposit." If you need to deposit it from your fork to the side of the plate "it should be screened if possible, with some celery leaves or a bit of bread." Further stealthiness is then required. (Is there no *end* to the deviousness required of the ptomaine-avoider?) "Try," she begs her questioner, H. F. B. of Nashville, Tenn., "not to look as if anything were the matter."

The celery leaves are somewhat worrisome. I have been at more than one dinner party where something was the matter and no protective screen of celery leaves was thoughtfully provided. Apparently so has she, for in the very next question, "When you find that you have taken some 'foreign matter' into your mouth—gravel, stones, fish bones and such—are they removed with the fork with which you have been eating?" she fails to prescribe the celery-leaf solution, but inexplicably takes away the fork: "No, do not use your fork. Foreign bodies . . . are removed with thumb and forefinger, as are fish bones and other tiny bones."

Other pieces of advice are characterized by this same surreptitious tone, for example, that "olives are bitten in large bites and the stone put aside [under the celery-leaves? no] but not cleaned in the mouth." Corn on the

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cob? Well, the act of eating *that* forthright vegetable requires some clandestineness: "A mixture of salt and pepper may be made, unnoticeably, on the side of the plate, then spread a little at a time, etc."

She can advise secretiveness and combine it neatly with a certain unmistakably imperious tone. A poor (cattleman's? who knows) wife from Butte, Montana, complains to her about her husband's bad table manners. He always pours gravy all over everything on his plate. From a great height AV decrees:

> *Gravy . . . is never poured or ladled onto rice, noodles, or other than meat on the plate. . . .*

Never? Well, at least once. In Butte, Montana. . . .

Sometimes the deviousness turns into cruelty, and then I find myself wondering at the unconscionable way she is able to put smooth social occasions above suffering human beings. There is the vignette of the divorced alcoholic wife who happens to be the mother of the groom-to-be. What to do about her on the Great Day? Logistical procedures laid down by A.V. are blood-curdling:

> *Have some trusted member of the family, known for his tact, visit the mother and explain the situation. Say her son wants her to witness his wedding but that he does not want the occasion spoiled in any way. Say that someone will call for her and take her home immediately after the service. Alcoholics differ greatly, psychologically, but perhaps such an appeal to pride and motherhood would help.*

Were I the alcoholic mother of the groom I would respond to this "appeal," or description of itinerary, or uninvitation to the reception, by deviously evading the trusted member of the family, turning up at the (expletive) reception and getting (expletive) drunk.

What we might call the Fixed Facial Response to situations comes in for much notice. A bride-to-be wants to be sure that the exactly right person proposes the first toast to her, and then, when that is settled, how she should respond. Well, Amy says it is the best man who does that, and then "the bride, seated, may also propose a toast to the groom by turning her head toward him, lifting her glass and smiling." Another in this category: someone in Boise, Idaho doesn't know whether the boy or the girl makes the first move to leave a restaurant meal. Amy knows: "The girl. She places her napkin unfolded at the left of her place, looks questioningly at her escort, and then prepares to rise. . . ." Or suppose you find yourself passing down a receiving line, what do you say? What is your *face* prepared to do? Answer: "It's not necessary to say much so long as you look warm and gracious, pleased with the bride, and happy for the groom." For me that would be a great deal to look all at once. The "warm" I have always managed to be at any wedding reception I have ever attended.

There are other mundane matters for which Amy V. offers practical advice. One of my favorites is the reply to the worried lady whose little girl shuffled her feet when she walked. Once she has checked with the doctor, and inspected her shoes, the rest is straight, down-to-earth: "You should also tell her that 'Ladies never shuffle as they walk but pick up their feet gently and walk straight ahead, toes straight.' A shuffling walk is irritating to hear and most unattractive to observe, tell her. Explain that movie stars must all learn to walk beautifully."

And finally. Amy's back is to the wall at the query: what to do about a party for a newly naturalized citizen who also happens to be one's fiancé? Her answer, unenthusiastic and a little devious:

> *It is nice to give a party for a newly naturalized citizen . . . At the party you could have someone propose a toast to the new American. I wouldn't specify the reason for the party necessarily . . . You could give your friend a gift—something that would make his life smoother here might be nice—our flag, a good dictionary or an American etiquette book, for example.*

And you might explain that movie stars always look questioningly at new Americans while walking straight ahead, toes straight, carrying the American flag in one hand, and celery-leaved gravel and stones that have been deposited on the fork in the other.

Doris Grumbach

A Raffish Life and Time

The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes by Louis Kronenberger

(Doubleday; $10)

Born into comfortable money, bred for gentlemanly idleness, married by parental arrangement to solid wealth, the wonder is that John Wilkes ever became more than another Sir Fopling Flutter. He was early bit by the political bug and by chance fell among friends of the North American colonies. In an age of angelic orators, his forensic skills were overshadowed, but he found his niche in political satire and published nasty, anonymous essays against anyone who crossed him. *The North Briton* needled the nobility, nettled the nabobs, and kneed the king's minions in the political groin. No. 45 drove George III into a paroxysm of pique, and on the well founded suspicion that Wilkes was responsible, his house was searched, his papers confiscated, and he imprisoned in the Tower.

Wilkes' remonstrances eventually led to precedent-setting court decisions that confirmed some of the basic civil rights against search and seizure we take for granted today. He was later charged with libeling the king and disaffecting the populace, but it was his scandalous burlesque on Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man* that cooked his goose. Wilkes' *Essay on Woman* was originally printed for private circulation among a few Hell-Fire Club cronies with what book dealers used to call "special tastes." His enemies, however, obtained a copy by underhanded means, and the *Essay* was read aloud to the House of Lords. The panoply of lords pretended to be outraged but begged that the pornographic reading continue; they damned the

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work and decided that only the degenerate Wilkes could be the author; in the spirit of British fair play, they would not condemn the accused unheard. Before Wilkes could respond, however, he was desperately wounded in a fixed duel, and shortly thereafter, fearful for his life, he fled to France to recuperate in the company of friends, for which Commons expelled him and branded him an outlaw. In time he returned to England, was elected by his rowdy followers to Parliament, was refused his seat, and finally sentenced to prison for abusing the press regulations.

To his enemies' chagrin, he throve in prison; having won the affections of the working-class Londoners and pleasured an army of amorously inclined women, he was kept amply supplied with the aristocratic accoutrements of soft living, all of which he accepted as his due. On his birthday a great mob serenaded him with "God save great Wilkes our King." Indeed Ben Franklin said if Wilkes had had a better character, the king might have been toppled from his throne. As it was, whenever King George went to the theater, throngs greeted him with shouts of "Wilkes & Liberty!"

For his outspoken support of the American colonies in their contest with the king, a county and towns in North Carolina and Pennsylvania were named for Wilkes, and later when his life-style was cramped by creditors the South Carolina legislature voted him a generous subsidy to save him from debtors prison. Wilkes' tomcat amorality alienated many pious folk and his irreverent attitude toward royalty riled others, but he steadfastly refused to play the hypocrite. When the notorious two-faced Tory Earl of Sandwich voiced his expectation that Wilkes would die of the pox or on the gallows, Wilkes coolly replied, "That depends, my lord, on whether I embrace your mistress or your principles." Sad to say most of Wilkes' wit is ephemeral and will not bear taking out of context. Although his radical reputation invariably preceeded him, his warmth and personal charm usually rendered the most hostile helpless. Dr. Samuel Johnson, that staunch establishmentarian, was decidedly uneasy when he found that the mischievous Boswell —in expectation of a battle royal between an elephant and a tiger—had maneuvered him into a dinner party attended by Wilkes. Seated side by side, however, all enmity evaporated as Wilkes poured on the charm; Dr. Johnson surprised himself mightily by having a marvelous time.

As biographical art, Louis Kronenberger's book is no great shakes; it follows the Victorian formula of "the life and times of. . . ." Both Wilkes' raffish life and his times make very entertaining reading, but Boswell's account of the Wilkes-Johnson meeting and his journal notations of sundry conversations give more insight into Wilkes' character than does this handsomely illustrated, well made book. Against the rich panorama of Georgian London, Kronenberger limns a credible likeness of the extraordinary Mr. Wilkes, squint and all, but the portrait lacks soul.

Jackson C. Boswell

Fine Print

Women's Work

Doris Grumbach

In the crush of books and space late last year I missed reading a short-story writer of quality. Nancy Willard's first collection, **Childhood of the Magician** (Liveright; $5.95) seems doomed to the fate of short stories, collected or not, in our time—profound critical silence. But it would be a shame to miss the experience of reading these stories of childhood and young adulthood, because Nancy Willard has an unerring ear (and memory) for authentic speech, a sensitive, almost delicate feeling for tender childhood relationships, and real skill in shaping and bringing off a story. Erica is the protagonist of all the stories, she is clearly the author going through the special process of remembering much that is irrelevant to growing up, and almost everything that is important to it. What makes this more than just a random collection of unrelated stories is the continuity the charming child Erica provides, as well as the sense of time developed, used and in one way fulfilled, in the woman Erica in her marriage. Everything in these charming stories points to genuine talent. It would be patronizing to say that I look forward to their flowering in the novel I have been told she is now writing; they are in many ways a flowering in themselves.

Again a book I lost, and then found when a wise friend urged me to read it, is Anne Tyler's rich, inventive, painful (in some ways) novel, **Celestial Navigation** (Knopf; $6.95). Her hero Jeremy Pauling is one of those characters one uses the adjective "memorable" for, in the same way that Joyce Cary's Gulley Jimson is memorable. Both are artists, but there the resemblance ceases, for Jeremy is a weak, sick, frightened maker of collages who sails, someone says of him, by celestial navigation. Around him are grouped women who are supportive or destructive, his children, his mother who dies "and leaves him" (in the way that William Steig once illustrated in *The Lonely Ones*), his spinster sisters, his complex wife Mary Tell, and finally the old woman with whom he ends his peaceful but distant, detached days. Nancy Hale has remarked on how successfully Anne Tyler achieves the "simple truth of her characters." This too impressed me. I found her ability to enmesh the reader in what is a simple, uneventful story, by means of the force of these few persons, a notable achievement.

Mary McCarthy's three essays, "Vietnam," "Hanoi" and "Medina" have been gathered together in a single volume, **The Seventeenth Degree** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95), together with her corrosive review of David Halberstam's best-selling volume on Vietnam, *The Best and the Brightest*, and an introductory 53-page apologia, "How It Went." The sharp, clear eye which MMcC usually bends upon her subject matter becomes somewhat clouded in this first piece, and detracts noticeably from what follows. The body of the book contains some very good reportage, personal in nature, often biased in approach and point of view, but never dull, never lacking her original way with words and sentences.

What I object to about the introductory chapter is the complaining *tone*. The separate volumes when they appeared got no reviews, she laments, few sales, she is hard put to know *why* in the face of interest her other work provoked: is it Vietnam? is it envy of the *New York Review of Books* (in which these pieces first appeared) on the part of "other editors"? She gives up on a solution to this deep mystery and writes: "I shall be glad to pay a reward to any reader of this volume who can explain to me what happened and why."

Well, I cannot do that, but I have one small explanation that pertains only to my own resistance to her journalism. I find MMcC too full of herself when

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she writes of wars and military trials and great events, so that one sees her figure looming large in the foreground of her fine prose, hears her too-certain, too-loud voice sounding out over the roar of guns and planes and testimony of soldiers in the background, and this grows irritating after a while. One paragraph of the first essay will illustrate this. Even if your ear is poor you will not be able to miss the dominance of the first-person pronoun, her ego over the matter.

> *I did not share the concern expressed by "responsible" editorial writers that our action might bring in Russia and China. If anything, I feared that it wouldn't and wished that it would. Not that I was hoping for nuclear war to descend on us as a punishment. Rather, I hoped that some firm step on the part of the Russians or the Chinese might deter us, if we could not deter ourselves . . . Yet as our troops began debarking in the South and neither the Russians nor the Chinese moved, I began to have the horrible wish that we would hit a Russian ship by mistake . . . I could not wish we . . .*

As always, MMcC is her own favorite story. We must listen to much more autobiography – particularly concerning her domestic arrangements, her relationship with her fourth husband. In Haiphong she worries about the wrong she was doing to him, "He had left his family for me . . . if I got killed he would never forgive me . . . even if by a miracle I escaped death, I had probably killed his love for me," etc. There is more of this kind of self-explanation in this introduction than one has an interest in. To have to be present when she decides the terms of her will – her daughter-in-law will get "the Polish lavalière" – makes me impatient with her self-involvement, and I find it painful to listen to her reason for such actions as buying a house in Maine ("If I was going to take a stand against US policy, I ought to have a piece of US ground under my feet"), for participating in a possible tax-refusal action ("At my desk I had rather pleasant reveries of going to jail. It would be so peaceful: no telephone.").

Now that I think of it, *I* will apply for the reward. I suspect I know why more people did not buy and read her books on Vietnam and Hanoi when they appeared. "Vietnam" begins: "I confess that when I went to Vietnam early last February, I was looking for material damaging to the American interest, and that I found it . . ." Everyone must have thought, with some justification, that the book was another book about MMcC, and gave up on Vietnam.

Lynn Caine's highly personal account of the loss of her husband to cancer at an early age, and her struggle to find some degree of independence and peace alone with her two small children, is a moving narrative (**Widow,** Morrow; $6.95). She is a publicist for Little, Brown; her style here, sometimes flip and quick-and-easy, is often what we call "popular." But she writes of her predicament touchingly as a common experience, not something limited and special to her. She is frank about her self-pity and the "ridiculous actions" her grief and loneliness drove her to. The book has importance because it manages to generalize from one woman's experience to suggest similar sentiments and tragic predicaments for many: one out of every six women over the age of 21, she tells us, is a widow. A valuable adjunct to her account is advice to those women to provide for a Contingency Day financially, with real thought for the future and for the children and their care. At the close of the book we see Lynn Caine, a changed and different woman, who has come to terms with her altered state, who still lives alone and makes a life for herself and her children, "not a lonely goose," but "alive," "a part of the world" again. Heartening reading.

Nothing I can think of will depress you (and instruct you) more than **Tender Loving Greed** by Mary Adelaide Mendelson (Knopf; $6.95), a gruesome telling about "how the incredibly lucrative nursing home industry is exploiting America's old people and defrauding us all." This study is not a scholarly one, nor does it acknowledge the mass of work already done in the field, or even provide too much documentation for its own facts except the clear matter of the author's personal experience – 10 years of it in the field – but it accomplished what many treatises do not: it is as fascinating and as horrible to read as a gothic novel, but alas, it seems to be true. The villains are everywhere: the government, the fraudulent practices of unscrupulous owners, investors, operators, doctors, nurses. And the victims are as omnipresent: the sick, elderly, poor, senile. Not just sharp practices in the operation and ownership of these homes are detailed, but criminal activities: the stealing and forging of social security checks, the incarceration of helpless but not bedridden patients for gain, the political contributions from owners of nursing homes to keep them free of interference, and the moneylenders who make a fortune by granting profitable 40 percent mortgages, even the involvement of nonprofit church-related homes in incredible profiteering. It's all here. Read it – and weep.

Aquarium Piece

The way the dolphin
moves, I'd like to go:
belly-about, face-all,
instructed tail and head
like keel and prow,
heart beating within
silences to glide the
precipiced flow.

In constant wheel the
dolphin goes, like
song returning to itself,
like cosmic thing or
wave or love that cannot see impediment.

Its whiteness scarred
by what hostilities,
the dolphin does not
care but moves in
healing element more
swift than slow.

ETTA BLUM

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

find out how serious it is for them. Black topicality is woven in, with welfare-worker scenes and the problems of the children (a rebellious son becomes an activist, a teenage daughter gets herself a rooftop pregnancy); but even these realities are used as ingredients of romance.

It's one of the most enjoyable romances of any kind, black or white, since *For Love of Ivy* (1968) and is certainly a relief from the fake realistic black films

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that keep flooding out. But it also provides a special, much more important pleasure.

The director is John Berry (white), who began in the New York theater in the 1930s, went to Hollywood where he directed a number of pictures, was blacklisted politically, and went to Europe where he lived and worked for 20 years. He directed films there and plays—he did the English-language premiere of Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* at the Royal Court Theater in London. He has been back directing in the New York theater since 1964 when he did Athol Fugard's *Blood Knot*. In 1970 he directed Fugard's *Boesman and Lena* (*TNR*, July 25, 1970), one of the best new plays and productions of my lifetime.

These Fugard plays are particularly relevant here because in both of them Berry worked with James Earl Jones who plays the sporty garbage man in *Claudine*. Here he is a straight leading man, comic and engaging, a role that may make a sex star of him. To remember him as Boesman—a gnarled vicious-pathetic South African tramp—and to remember him also as Lopahin in an otherwise undistinguished *Cherry Orchard* two winters ago is to be aware of the growth of an unusual talent, unusual, too, in its range. (Like Glenda Jackson in a comparable role in *A Touch of Class*.) In seven or eight years Jones has metamorphosed from a big roaring black man trading largely on color and size into one of the most interesting talents in the country, not unfailingly reliable but certainly important.

Diahann Carroll plays the widow, a part intended for the late Diana Sands. Carroll, a beautiful singer, has not previously been a good actress. Berry has released her: she is free, responsive, unaffected. Berry's sheerly cinematic work is perfectly adequate to what he has to do. The work he has done with his actors, including the six children, makes *Claudine* the best kind of make-believe.

Personals

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I'M NOT THE "MIKE" quoted on page 122 of Kristi Witker's book. Michael F. Conlan.

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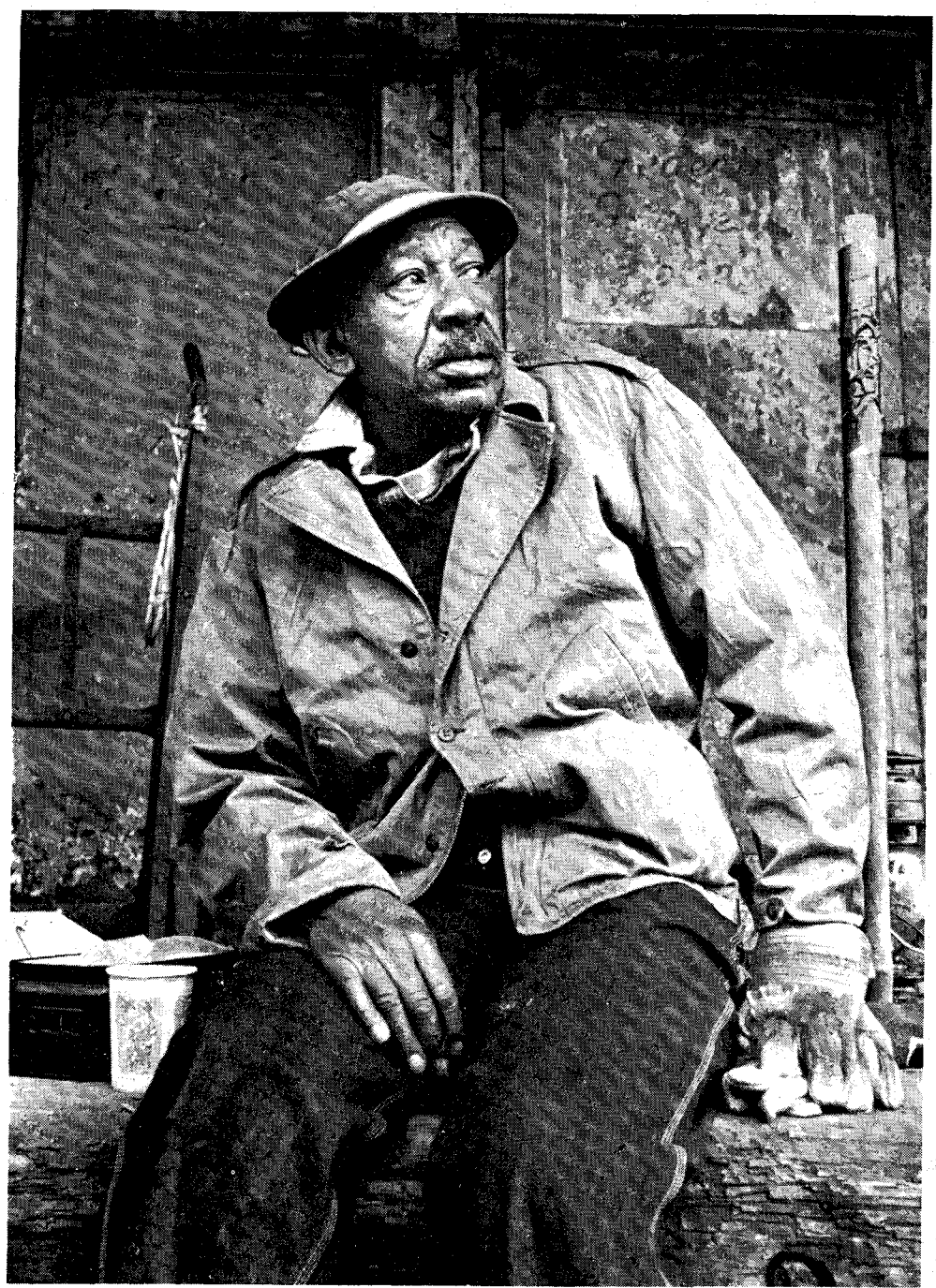

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